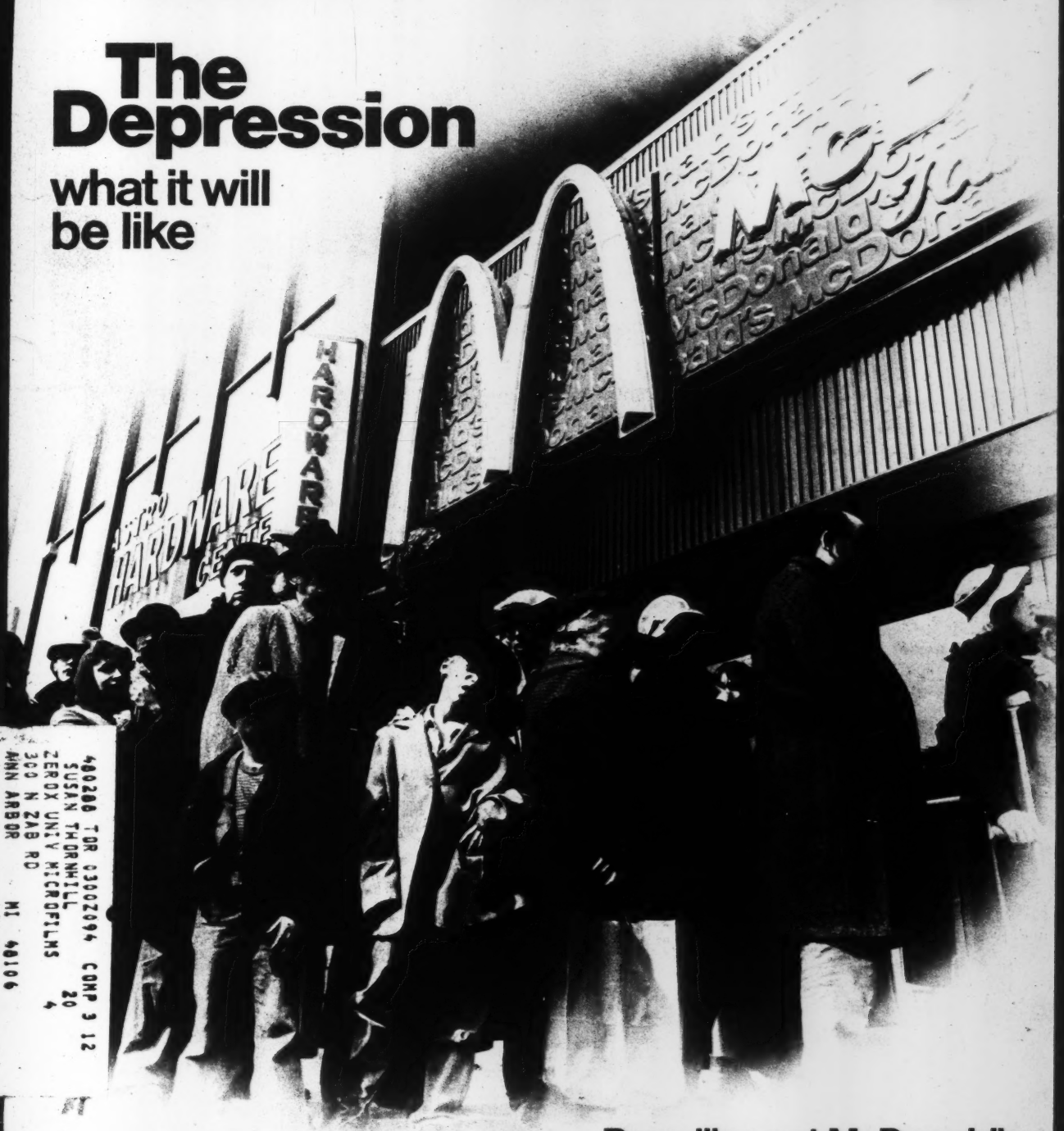
OCTOBER 4, 1974/60 CENTS

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES

The Depression
what it will be like



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WOR-TV

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BEHIND THE SCENES

There is a lot of loose talk about that Bill Cardoso is actually the pen name of Howard Hughes. Cardoso denies this. He says Bill Cardoso is actually Bill Cardoso, the fellow who went from his present home in San Francisco to report one of the Great Events of the century, Evel Knievel's attempt to jump the Snake River Canyon in Idaho. Of his report on Knievel's jump, further on in this issue, Cardoso says: "Everything in there is *true. Everything*. All of it. Except what is not."

How was it out there, Bill?

"Nothing pretty about it, that week at Snake River Canyon, except the rich farmland. I'm quite tired of looking at guns, tattoos and motorsickles. I've done two pieces on Evel Knievel now and trust this is the last. I found him quite a bit more megalomaniacal than he was a year and a half ago at Filthy McNasty's club on Sunset Strip, when he was preparing to jump 50 crushed cars at the L.A. Coliseum. It was his show up in Idaho; all the options were his. Yet, he chose to display himself as a vainglorious, arrogant punk. Like he says, 'I gotta be me.' This goes for me, too, natch. A week later, as I sit here at 39,000 feet over . . . what? Utah . . . the whole damn thing seems a bit silly; I mean a steam rocket and all trying to loop a man over a goddamn canyon. In this piece I've tried to deal with Fact Fiction (as in Science Fiction), a sort of Amber Journalism. Also, some things are out of segue. I'm sorry for the somewhat telegraphic prose and lack of verbs and articles, but I was coming in way over the word limit and was on deadline, to boot. I want to thank Terry McDonell for hipping me to Conceptual Art.

"The first bottle of Scotch I had was on the island of Madeira. I used to be strictly a Canadian drinker, but it was too expensive there. Since the English run Madeira, Scotch is the cheaper island drink. There used to be a guy named Johnny (real name Joao, but he once lived in California and liked to be known as Johnny and speak English) who was the bouncer at the Miraflores. He was also the retired heavyweight champion of Madeira. Johnny was a contrabandista. He sold bootleg Scotch for 150 escudos a bottle, which is about $5.33, so it was never really cheap. But Johnny was always telling you he just got a new shipment of 'Carvalho Branco' (White Horse). 'Course, it never was. It was always some kind of piss. That's why today any brand of Scotch is my brand. Love it all. Education: Boston University, A.A., B.S. Age: 36. Occupation: reporter, Hobbies: marijuana, coitus. Last book read: *The Skin and its Troubles* (D. Appleton & Co., New York & London, 1912). Greatest accomplishments: co-producing daughter who grew into beautiful woman; selling off a pound of reefer in quarter-pound hunks in Boston *Herald* city room, while being introduced to mucky-mucks as editor of *Boston Globe Magazine*; escaping *Boston Globe* while still a young man. Major influences, as best I can recollect: Al Hamwey, George Frazier, Hunter Thompson, Gene Vier. It cracked me up yesterday to hear *Wide World of Sports* announcer describe Snake River Canyon crowd as 'enthusiastic.' ABC-TV ought to be investigated. Also disturbs me that some people think Evel's jump was a planned failure. Failure is not the American tradition. One thing about Evel: he is not a phony in his work. He is, though, a palooka and a press-baiting demogogue wrapped in red-white-and-blue, just like Knixon. Do not vote for Evel Knievel when you go to the polls on Tuesday. Stay home and drink Scotch."

George A. Hirsch

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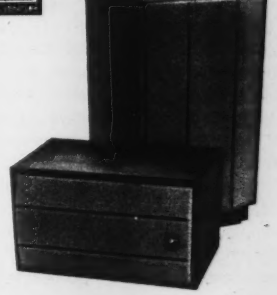

LETTERS

Nina Totenberg's attempt to depict the Supreme Court of the United States as "the last plantation" (July 26, 1974) relies upon falsehood, distortion and innuendo to create a totally misleading image. NT ignores the significant advances that have been made by minority group employees of the Supreme Court during the 1970s, advances that render the court a significantly better record than the rest of the federal government.

I know of these advances, having undertaken a study of court administration and hiring practices during a summer 1973 internship at the Supreme Court in completion of a Master of Public Affairs degree from Princeton University's Woodrow Wilson School. To supplement my data, I have requested public information from the court and have been supplied with answers to NT's inquiries and those of other media representatives.

NT accuses the Supreme Court of "racism in hiring and promotion" and claims that "blacks are kept from progressing." Yet:

• 32 percent of the Supreme Court's 235 full-time employees are black, as compared to 20 percent of the federal government (Executive Branch) employees; 37 of the full-time non-white employees (35 blacks, one American Indian and a Mexican American) are presently earning over $10,000 annually.

• 25 of these 37 non-whites have received special merit promotions (beyond both regular step and cost-of-living increases) in order to reach their present salaries; the median data for these 25 contemporary merit promotions is May 1972;

• NT states: "No black person at the court has higher than a grade 8 rating." This is false. There are black employees in higher grade (salary) levels, earning $15,617 and $14,724. Even the court laborers (heavy-cleaning men) who NT implies are a particularly oppressed group earn between $7,284 and $9,167—hardly "slave wages" in view of the $7,269 national average income for black families.

Within the last two and a half years, since March 31, 1974, the percentage of court employees earning over $10,000 annually who are non-white has nearly doubled, increasing from 11 percent to 20 percent. This one fact alone devastates the NT thesis.

In contrast to the court's 20 percent figure, the latest available data shows that only 9.5 percent of the Executive Branch's employees earning over $10,000 annually are non-white, and only 11 percent of all workers in the Washington, D.C., area earning over $10,000 annually are non-white. NT ignores the real record of a significant increase in non-white salaries at the court—*relative to all court employees, relative to other federal government employees* and *relative to the national average for black Americans*. This record of active promotion of employees within the Supreme Court has been the result of a deliberate policy which has been instituted by the current top court officials.

• Alleging lack of "charity," NT accuses Justice William O. Douglas of firing a court employee ostensibly for refusing "to serve at a private party." This is false. In the instance cited, the employee involved had been "moonlighting" by driving a taxi, and it was largely a matter of extra income being offered out of the justice's own pocket for the extra work; further, the employee cited worked at the court from 1945 to 1971 before retiring on full pension. The incident also happens to be quite old. The astute reader would have noted that Justice Felix Frankfurter was cited for his intervention in this alleged incident; Mr. Justice Frankfurter retired from the Supreme Court in 1962 and died in 1963.

• Similarly, Justice Stanley Reed (retired in 1957) is cited for allegedly abusing the employee rights of Phillip Brooks. The "facts" cited are false: Brooks received a "provisional promotion" from laborer to messenger (with the understanding that it was probably temporary), and was given his semimonthly paycheck before accompanying the then 87- (now 89) year-old retired justice to Kentucky. When the arrangement proved mutually unsatisfactory during the first week, Brooks returned to Washington, D. C., and his old job. He was not "demoted" nor could he have expected "the marshal's office to forward his paycheck" (as none was due).

Even when she does manage to discuss the contemporary court, Ms. Totenberg still falsifies facts and time.

• The appeals process that NT tells us was created "one week after *New Times* submitted a list of written questions to the court" had, in fact, been under development over a year and half prior to that. Further, and more importantly, NT's statement that "almost everyone serving on the board is a supervisor" is false. A minority of nine members of the appeals board have actual supervisory roles. In fact, five of the board's nine members are non-white and three are female, a fact which NT conveniently ignores.

• The "job posting" procedure that NT alleges did not exist "until *New Times* began making inquiries," had actually been planned well beforehand. NT states that the first three jobs listed on the bulletin boards "were filled before they were ever posted." This is false. In fact, two of the three positions cited have not yet been filled.

• NT alleges "cronyism." Ms. Totenberg states that a recent police promotion exam was distorted because the members of the examining board, representing three separate police forces, "all belong to the same lodge." This is false. While one permanent and one temporary member of that board happened to be Masons, the other temporary member was a Catholic, and their decision on the promotion was unanimous.

• NT even charges the court with "nepotism" on the basis of one allegation: "Cannon's nephew came to work at the court under a student internship program." The facts of the matter are that the nephew was one of 37 *unpaid* student interns (from 21 universities) who have participated for a few months in a work-study program at the court, usually receiving both academic credit and financial support from their universities. For the nephew's internship, not only were no court funds involved, but there was no university funding accepted. NT states that "the young man was apparently paid with private foundation funds." This is false. Such funding was never contemplated.

• NT implies that a black laborer was fired for dating one of Mr. Justice Douglas' female law clerks after being "forbidden to speak to her." This is false. Not only was he

not "forbidden" to see or speak to her, but he was fired because of his (assumedly) unrelated extremely poor work record after repeated admonitions on that record from his supervisor and the labor force foreman (both of whom are black, and both of whom recommended his termination).

Nina Totenberg's attempt at sensationalism totally reverses the realities of the contemporary Supreme Court.

Steven C. Charen

Nina Totenberg replies:

I knew of only one factual error in my story and it is an error Mr. Charen did not notice. I wrote that the court would see its second black law clerk; in fact, it will see its third. Other than that, I stand by my article.To answer all Mr. Charen's charges, I'd have to write another article but here are a few replies to some of his allegations.

Mr. Charen compares statistics for the whole federal government in a nation whose population is 11.3 percent black, with statistics at the U.S. Supreme Court, which is located solely in the District of Columbia, a city with a 73 percent black population. It is also interesting to note that he uses figures one or two years old for the rest of the federal government's non-white salaries, but current figures for the court, refusing to take into account the considerable federal wage increases across the board during the last two inflationary years. Mr. Charen lauds the level of wages for the laborers, but I have seen those laborers' paychecks, and they come to considerably less than $7,000 per year. The most charitable thing I can conclude is that raises have been scheduled but not paid out yet.

Mr. Charen says Justice Douglas' messenger, Cyril Mitchell, was dismissed for moonlighting. Mr. Mitchell says his moonlighting had nothing to do with it, that his moonlighting was no secret, and that he often picked up Justice Douglas in the morning with the taxicab. Mr. Mitchell also says adamantly that he was never paid "one red cent" for the extra work he did at Justice Douglas' home. The Mitchell incident now seems to present a controversy. I wrote to Justice Douglas asking for an interview so that he could refute these and other charges. But he refused me.

Frankly, I wonder if Mr. Charen can read. He charges me with saying things I never said. Take the case of Philip Brooks, Justice Reed's messenger. Justice Reed is retired but he still has a staff employed by the court. Philip Brooks was sent to Kentucky with the justice. Brooks was not given money to pay for meals. When Brooks asked Reed for money to pay for his meals, Reed told him he'd have to work on the farm to earn extra money. When Brooks refused and returned to Washington, he was sent back to the labor force, and in the English language I speak, that is a demotion. Indeed, when I was writing my story, I called Justice Reed's chambers, read his law clerk the passage and said if Justice Reed had any disagreement with these facts, would he please let me know. I never heard a word of protest.

Apparently, Mr. Charen is now getting at least a few answers that were refused to me when I asked the same questions. For example, in numerous interviews members of the Supreme Court police charged that one of their least qualified officers was promoted over better qualified men because the chosen officer was a member of the captain's lodge, and that the two other officers on the review board were also members of the same lodge. I asked the press officer at the court, in writing and again orally, if the lodge membership charge was true. He told me such matters were private and refused to confirm or deny the charge. I reported that the court "refused to confirm or deny anything about lodge memberships." Yet I am accused of printing a "false" story. My story, it seems, has at least pried loose one tidbit of information. Mr. Charen now tells us that only two of the three review board officers were members of the same lodge as the man they promoted—the two including the police captain. The reader should judge for himself if that kind of a promotion system sounds a bit fishy.

Regarding Justice Douglas' white female law clerk and the black laborer, I personally know that they were harassed about dating each other because they complained to me about it months before John Wright, the laborer, was fired. Wright, by the way, never had any difficulties at the court, he says, until three days after he started dating Janet Meik. I have seen Wright's dismissal papers. They mention nothing about repeated "admonitions." He was charged with being late and absent several times. But when he asked for a list of the dates of these offenses so that he might refute them, he was refused.

Mr. Charen seems to think I make things up. Yet I stated clearly in my article that the court had not cooperated with me and that the story was based mainly on interviews with employees. Many employees provided me with documentation of their charges. I did not make the judgments that so enrage Mr. Charen. Those judgments were made by court employees and by civil rights attorneys who specialize in this area.

The U.S. Supreme Court even refused to furnish me with a complete list of employees, their jobs and the various salary ranges for each job. On top of that, a memo was circulated to judicial administration employees instructing them not to furnish me with any information.

Lastly, I would like to point out that after court administrators repeatedly refused to be interviewed, I did submit a list of 35 written questions to the court press officer. I asked for responses within a week in order to meet my deadline. Yet it wasn't until nearly two weeks later that I got any answers at all. Even then, roughly one-fourth of the questions were not answered. And many others were answered in a deliberately evasive or uninformative manner.

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The spans are sparkling

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

Good news.

Mayor Abraham ("Laser") Beame has rekindled the decorative lighting which bejewels New York City's bridges.

The lights had been out since last winter, when, in the midst of the famous "energy crisis," then-President Richard Nixon, who one might say had a penchant for keeping the people in the dark, asked for the elimination of all "nonessential" uses of energy.

One of the nice things about a sinking economy is that it forces us to make choices, revealing our values. It was a disappointment, though not a complete surprise, to find that the first thing to be thrown overboard was beauty. It's a curious sense of the essential which leaves neon signs brilliant and landmarks shrouded in darkness, but a crisis is a crisis, and would the last one to leave the city please turn out the lights.

But now, as though by whim, the mayor's flipped them back on. Why do mayors act that way? A citizen was just getting used to the gloom when suddenly the spans are sparkling. Are happy days here again?

One can only speculate upon a mayor's motivations.

In his book on humor, Freud recounts various jokes as examples of jokes. One of them is the Suspension Bridge joke, which goes like this:

A man wants to know the secret of life, so with great effort and at considerable expense, and only after a long time, he arrives at the cranny of a Tibetan monk. Breathless, he asks the monk what is the secret of life.

The monk says, "Life is a suspension bridge."

"Life is a suspension bridge?" asks the man, incredulously.

"You mean life isn't a suspension bridge?" asks the monk.

Perhaps this joke piqued Mayor Beame's sense of the absurd, and he threw on the lights as a sort of repartee.

Or perhaps the mayor is a humanist, taken with bridges as symbols of communication and the forging of friendship—bridge-building, as it were. It was the custom in certain regions of Japan to have the happiest person in the community be the first to cross a new bridge. Is Mayor Beame, defiant of materialistic considerations, trying to light the way?

Or is it that his patriotism would not let him leave the bridges darkened when among them was the Brooklyn Bridge, which the artist Joseph Stella called "the shrine containing all the efforts of the new civilization in America"? Or is it just Mayor Beame the politician, ever in need of federal funds, trying to draw attention to the fact that New York is connected to the continental United States?

Or does the mayor's motivation transcend patriotism? He may wish to illuminate bridges as monuments to the human imagination. A bridge is an elegant answer to a fundamental question—how to get across. Think of all the bridges that have been pictured by men on the brink—cantilevers, trusses, arches, suspensions. Now you see it. Now it's done. The conception made real. The bridge, Mayor Beame may feel, is the archetype of creation, the perfect marriage of art and science, form and function.

Not to slight tunnels. As bridges tend to provide sweeping prospects, they draw your attention outward. Tunnels provide an opportunity for an inner journey.

I myself cannot drive through a tunnel without thinking of being born, but a friend tells me that's idosyncratic and suggests one could as well think of being digested, and it's true you often feel as though you have been when you come out. But come out you do, on the other side, every time.

Tunnels get the job done. They're quiet. They last. You don't have to be on time for one. But they will never be candidates for decorative lighting.

My neighbor's grandfather, a civil engineer who worked on the George Washington Bridge, says beauty is an extremely important design consideration in bridge-building. Our bridges, with any kind of maintenance, will still be standing centuries from now (just as Roman bridges are still in use), and we will be judged by them. Perhaps Mayor Beame the esthete saw the arrogance of snuffing the lights on architecture which belongs to the ages?

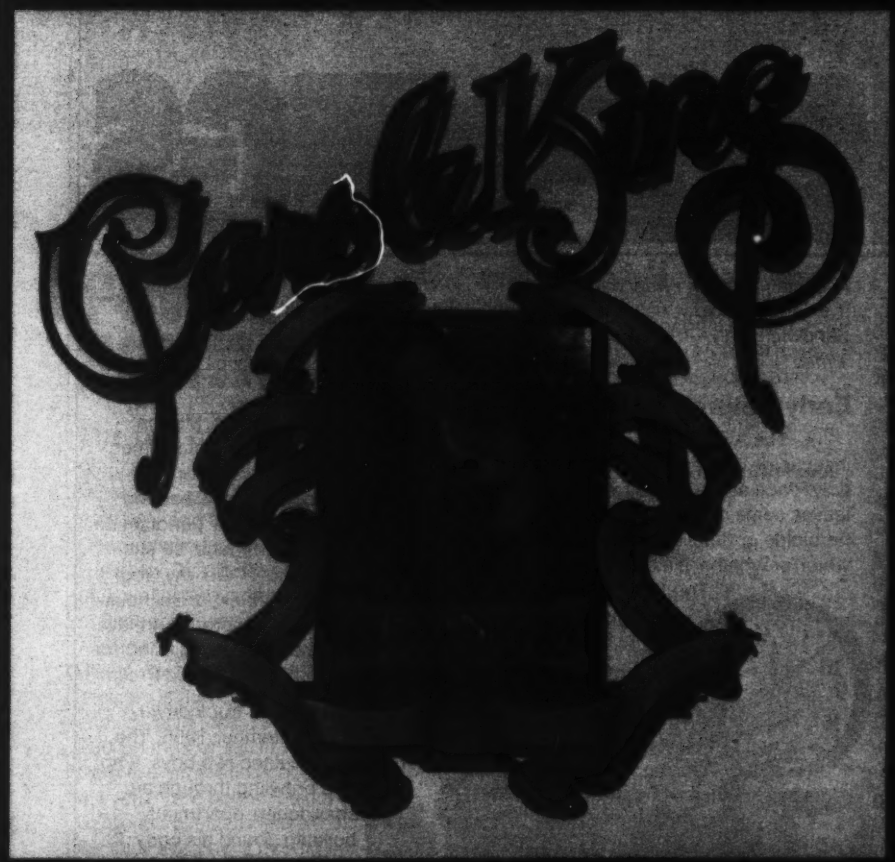
Why did Mayor Beame dare to rekindle the nonessential in the midst of the energy crisis?

Because this is not the midst of the energy crisis, his office says. The situation has eased, and it was important to restore the beauty of the city's skyline before the tourist season was out. Now a citizen must readjust to the happy view.

But what if the energy crisis returns?

Mayor Beame says he will cross that one when he comes to it, but one hopes he will not cut off the power of bridges. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH


Carole King

Carole King

CLIPPINGS

The Mayonnaise Lady

Eighteen months after Doris (Mayonnaise Lady) Judd was fired from her job in the cafeteria at the University of California, at Davis, she is still out of work. She was slow with sauerkraut and had this funny inability to spread the mayonnaise to the edge of sandwich bread. Actually, there was a whole bill of particulars on her firing: failing to spread mayonnaise to the edges of sandwich bread; taking 65 minutes to put kraut on 50 franks and wrap and tag them when the normal time is, the university said, 15 to 25 minutes; tagging six ham and cheese sandwiches at 50 instead of 55 cents; making 10 too many sloppy joes and mixing too much egg salad, the latter two of which were wasteful, said UC officials. The ex-Mayonnaise Lady is 60 and non-ethnic, but is in good health and doing fine on savings and Social Security. In a campus hearing the mayonnaise and egg salad charges were dropped but Mrs. Judd's firing was sustained. When her case came before the Yolo County Court, the judge reinstated Mrs. Judd and gave her $7,500 back pay. The university has appealed.—from the Los Angeles *Times*

Potato Man

The boss fired Hurlin (Potato Man) Hall from his cafeteria job at California State University, Los Angeles. Hall fried the hash browns too greasy, said Jack Eastman, director of food services on the campus. Hurlin, who is 44 and black, said he tried to tell Eastman that the hashes were frozen and had water in them, but Eastman kept hollering, Hall said, " 'Get out, you're fired.' " After a suit was filed by the California State Employees Association, Hurlin went back to work in the cafeteria. Now, he's the Wrapped Sandwich Man.—from the Los Angeles *Times*

Early Autumn

The Air Force sprayed an insecticide on trees along residential Orly Place at the McGuire base. The leaves came off. The spray was either a herbicide or defoliant, no one knew which or whether it mattered.—from the Trenton *Times*

The Nixon Trees

Park officials removed the nameplates from two banyan trees on Hilo, Hawaii, hoping to give them a chance to live. Over the years, dignitaries have planted trees in long rows and many are now formidable. The young trees bore the names "Sen. Nixon" and "Pat Nixon," which, apparently because of the Watergate scandal, were being mutilated by vengeful vandals. The young "Sen. Nixon" tree had replaced another that Nixon had planted in 1952. It was destroyed by a tidal wave.—from the Miami *Herald*

Lost & Found

For many years Mrs. Martha Evans had heard about the embalmed body a Spartanburg, S.C., mortuary kept in a storage room on its second floor. She was in the funeral parlor on an errand for a deceased friend, so she asked to see the body. "Oh, my God! It's Bellhouse," she shrieked. Bellhouse was the nickname of her brother-in-law, James Evans, who had been missing for 27 years.—from the Associated Press

Robert Hoyer, a truck driver, disappeared in September 1956. The other day in Cleveland two boys, who were prowling through an abandoned apartment building, found his body. It was wrapped in a bedspread and newspapers and in two cardboard boxes. Police asked his wife what happened. Mrs. Laura Hoyer, 65, said her husband was killed when he fell down basement steps. She denied dismembering the body but admitted hiding it, moving it from place to place over the years because she feared a scandal. —from the Charlotte *Observer*

All the news

Boston—James Randi shivered for 43 minutes inside a ton of ice Thursday, wearing nothing but a pair of short pants.—From the Aug. 31 San Francisco *Chronicle*

Send a clipping to Clippings. NEW TIMES One Park Avenue. New York, New York 10016. Five bucks if it's printed.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

Kennedy gets ready to throw in the towel;
Chicago's no longer such a great newspaper town;
and the First Annual Mammoth Mountain Whizzing Contest

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

The talk of Washington

Plopped in the center barber's chair this Monday morning, leafing through two *Playboy*s and a *Penthouse*, is Congressman Charlie Rose from North Carolina. This barbershop is not just any clip joint, but one in a small corner of the Capitol where Ed Muskie and Carl Albert and a few lesser lights get their weekly two-dollar trims. Working the scissors is Joe Quattrone from Italy.

"Mah foks," says Rose, a plus-200-pound Democrat who descends from five generations of southern lawyers, "are gonna look at this pardonin' business like a traffic ticket fix. Only this one is the Big Fix. Nixon gets a bad-conduct discharge a month ago, and here comes Ford yesterday shakin' up the confidence of government all over again. 'Course, I spotted it comin' when he started talkin' 'bout that $850,000 for the ex-President's 'transition' costs. And what about this amnesty? Don't you see it now as part of the grand plan—to get us used to the idea of forgiveness?"

Quattrone, scissors poised at mid-clip, says, "Scooza me, but I know allatime he's a-gonna do it. I cutta Mr. Ford's hair joosta one day before he goes uppa to White House. I talka to him." At this, the Calabrian oozes a tiny smile.

"The strength of this country is in the people's confidence in the system," the first-term legislator begins again, hoisting himself from the chair. He slips into his suit jacket, then stands in the middle of the floor, hands in his back pockets, stomach comfortably out. "Mah foks down in the seventh district are simple people—tobacco farmers and retired militaries from Fort Bragg. Hell, the per capita income of New Hanover County isn't but $1,600 a year. When *they* get their asses up, you know the honeymoon of Jerry Ford is over. Now on, we all gonna be runnin' a close swab on him."

—Paul Hendrickson

The end of the Kennedy dynasty

Most signs now indicate that Teddy Kennedy is about to pull out of the presidential race for 1976. Kennedy has been under increasing pressure from friends and particularly liberal members of the Democratic Party to declare one way or another. As everyone agrees, the nomination is his for the asking. The problem is that if he is nominated, he will probably lose the election, mainly because of his failure to come clean on Chappaquiddick. In the meantime, his uncertainty is preventing any other liberal Democrats, such as Mondale, Askew or Gilligan, to emerge as viable alternatives to Scoop Jackson or George Wallace.

Clark: momentum against Javits

Kennedy's recent experience in south Boston, where he was booed and blocked from speaking by angry white opponents to busing, according to some friends, was enough to shatter any remaining presidential hopes. The word is that Kennedy will make a public announcement in a matter of weeks that he will not run. According to one of his New York advisers, who encouraged Kennedy to pull out, Kennedy responded by saying, "That makes sense."

The November elections: big trouble for incumbents

Now that all the state primaries are over, the 1974 elections are finally taking shape. Although voter discontent has not shown itself to be as all-pervasive as once thought, it does not look as if it's a good year to be an incumbent. A number of key races are shaping up with once-untouchable incumbents taking strong pressure from challengers.

New York: Democratic Party boss Joe Crangle said it all: "The voters did a better job of picking candidates than we did." The bosses' choices—Howard Samuels for governor and Lee Alexander for senator—would have been sizable underdogs against incumbent Republicans Malcolm Wilson and Jacob Javits. Both were rejected overwhelmingly in favor of candidates with better chances in November. Brooklyn Congressman Hugh Carey is rated a better than even choice to knock off Wilson. He will have the backing of labor and the liberals—something no Democratic candidate has enjoyed in quite awhile.

Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark has momentum going for him in his uphill fight against Jacob Javits, who will have to defend his massive, business-dominated

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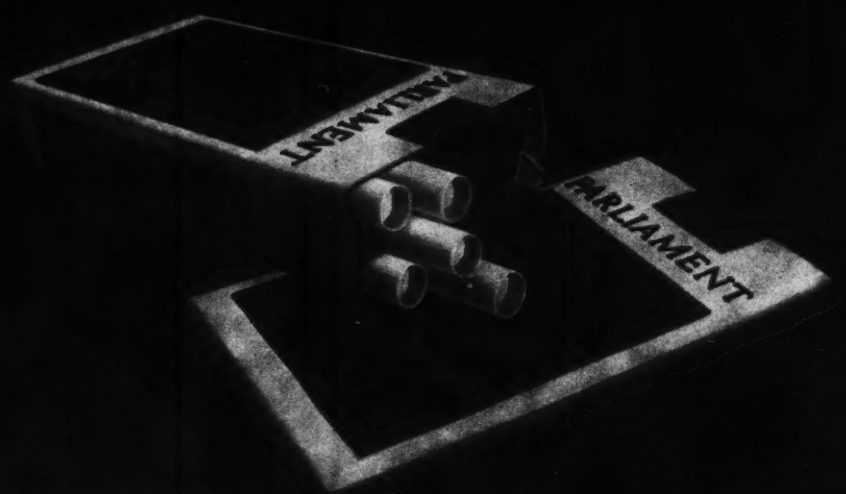

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campaign chest. Javits continues to say stupid things. Speaking recently before a group of young liberal lawyers in New York, Javits was asked about his position on the controversial gay rights bill. Javits said he supported the bill, adding, "But I must say frankly that I find homosexuals distasteful. They're missing a lot in life." The lawyers, like a lot of other New Yorkers who know that Javits and his wife, Marian, count several well-known homosexuals among their party friends, found Javits' remark a bit unbelievable. Few pols are willing to say Clark will win in November, but many predict the race will be closer than expected.

Colorado: Ex-McGovern campaign manager Gary Hart will pit his organization against incumbent Republican Sen. Peter Dominick's money. The Hart volunteers are given a good shot at carrying their man in.

Hart: has a good shot

Dominick will have to fend off attacks on his Watergate stance, including the pardon, and his anti-consumer voting record. He's in real trouble.

Indiana: It is a Democratic incumbent who is in trouble in this state. Sen. Birch Bayh is being crucified on busing, abortion and gun control back home, and organization problems aren't helping. Despite his longtime loyalty to Richard Nixon and problems in his hometown police department, Indianapolis Mayor Richard Lugar is now considered the favorite.

North Dakota: One of the Senate's most powerful unknown men, Republican Milton Young, is about to go down the tubes here. Ignoring his long service and power base, GOPers have been trying to talk the 76-year-old

Sargent: a rough race

Young out of running for months. He has refused and is now rated a big underdog to popular ex-Governor William Guy, the Democratic nominee.

Kentucky: Some months back, Republican Senate incumbent Marlow Cook was considered such a big underdog to Democratic Governor Wendell Ford that Cook almost retired. Now Ford has some problems of his own, and Watergate—even with the pardon—seems to have ceased being a major issue. The race is now considered a tossup.

Kansas: Like Cook, ex-GOP National Committee Chairman Robert Dole was seen as being in big trouble in his Senate campaign a few months back. He is still in trouble, but not in as much as he once was. Democratic nominee William Roy, a popular congressman, will start out as a slight underdog but has the organization and money to catch up.

Florida: No incumbent involved here with Ed Gurney off in court, but a neat race is developing nevertheless. The Republican nominee is cigar-chomping, self-made millionaire Jack Eckerd, who would be the richest man in the Senate if elected (he owns a chain of over 400 drugstores in the South). He won an impressive primary victory over consumer advocate Paula Hawkins on a platform to include more businessmen in government in order to stop inflation. He was, however, involved with some funny Watergate dealings. The Democratic nominee will be either Congressman Bill Gunter or Secretary of State Richard Stone. They'll run off on October 1. Eckerd is the favorite, but the key to the race may be the popularity of Democratic Governor Reubin Askew, who would increase his national stature if he could pull Gunter or Stone into office.

Massachusetts: For the governor's seat, it's maverick vs. maverick. Incumbent Republican Frank Sargent based his primary campaign on an anti-party stance. Democratic nominee Mike Dukakis upset the party bosses' choice but has the ability to pull the regulars into his campaign. Majority Leader Tip O'Neill will be the key since his son is running for lieutenant governor on the Dukakis ticket. O'Neill has not actively entered a state race in years, but he still has big clout. A rough race, too close to call, is expected.

—Charlie McCollum

Capitol humor

A bumper sticker seen in Washington: FREE THE CLOT.

Despite Watergate, campaign financing reform is in trouble

Don't be at all surprised if the campaign finance bill—the big post-Watergate reform effort—gets shunted aside this session. House and Senate conferees have ironed out all the trouble spots while eliminating any public financing for congressional races. A floor fight is expected over this change and others, but the real problem is that Ford might very well veto the bill, which he opposed when he was still House minority leader.

MEDIA

Here *Today,* gone tomorrow

Wally Phillips, the morning drive-time man on WGN radio, was getting calls on the subject for the second day. The first day, he hadn't allowed them on the air. His producer, Marilyn Miller, had checked out the rumors in the interim, however, and now the calls were going through. One caller allowed as how she hadn't given much thought to it before, but she had this dog, see, that was being used by some advertising agency to produce commercials for a *new, 24-hour* Chicago *Tribune*.

And thus was confirmed the rumor that *Chicago Today*, the morning *Tribune*'s p.m. sister paper, would be discontinued and that the *Tribune* would begin publishing in both a.m. and p.m. cycles.

"That's the strangest way I've ever heard of to learn your paper's going down the tube," one reporter grumbled.

For several years, there had been rumors that *Today*, the weakest of

the four Chicago metropolitan dailies, would fold. The decision was finally made because the parent corporation, the Tribune Company, will probably go public next year. To make the stock more attractive, a losing operation had to be terminated. (*Today* itself—a redesigned tabloid version of the old Hearst *American* purchased by the Tribune Company in 1956—was the repository of the bones of no fewer than 10 once-independent papers.)

When the official announcement was finally made on August 23, editors handed out individual envelopes telling staffers whether they would be transferred to the *Tribune* or let go; 105 of the 197 editorial employees, including all but one officer and all but one member of the negotiating committee of the reporters' union, were dismissed. (A few weeks later, a dismissed photographer won $300,000 in the Illinois State Lottery—just in time to make the front page of *Today*'s penultimate edition.) The Chicago *Tribune*'s newsroom is not unionized and management obviously had no intention of bringing this sourdough into its kitchen.

Across Michigan Avenue and the Plaza of the Americas, staffers at Marshall Field's Chicago *Sun-Times* and *Daily News* received the report apprehensively. The *Daily News*, too, is a money-losing p.m. paper, running slightly behind *Today* in circulation, although its advertising revenues are greater. And the *Sun-Times*, though the only one of the four papers to make consistent circulation gains over the past 10 years, is in the midst of a morale crisis. The *Tribune* has lately seized the editorial initiative—it is the town's "hot book"—while the *Sun-Times* limps along under penny-pinching, unimaginative management. Meanwhile, at crisis-time, the paper's brilliant young editor, James F. Hoge Jr.—long rumored to be interested in a career in television or foundations—was away on a three-month leave of absence and no one knew whether he would come back or how long he would stay if he did. Hoge's last act before he left had been to install his own man, Joel Weisman, in the newly created post of metropolitan editor; the appointment was controversial, and 10 weeks later Weisman was forced out by other editors in what was interpreted as a move against Hoge himself. The staff, already concerned that Hoge had been unable to draw out of management the financial resources to meet the *Tribune*'s reinvigorated competition, was now thoroughly confused about the future.

Into this situation stepped *Sun-Times* owner Marshall Field V, who never seems quite able to say the right thing at the right time. Field declared "victory" over the Tribune Company and said that he thought his father and grandfather would have been pleased that their dream of a viable alternative voice to the *Tribune* had been so successfully fulfilled. As it happens, Marshall Field III started the Chicago *Sun* to increase competition, not to reduce it, and both the *Sun-Times* and the *Daily News*, in editorials, and *Sun-Times* columnist Tom Fitzpatrick in a long lament, pointedly disavowed Field's interpretation of events.

Although it had its strengths—most notably an excellent editorial page and a nice layout—*Today* really wasn't much of a paper. It was the kind of sheet that gave a banner headline to Ed McMahon's troubles with the law, that kept one reporter in Washington, one in the state capital and none anywhere else, that considered a trip to Peoria a foreign assignment and the UPI wire an unnecessary luxury.

But the circulation competition *Today* offered the *Daily News* made the latter, which has dozens of first-rate veteran reporters, a large foreign staff, a good hard-working Washington bureau and Mike Royko, into a schizophrenic newspaper. In the past 10 years, the *Daily News* had increasingly featured cheap sensation and Australian bathing beauties, and the intellectual tone of the paper had been dragged down close to *Today*'s. If the *News* survives at all, a decision will have to be made whether to compete with the p.m. *Tribune* for quality or to corner the market on trash.

The *Tribune* will now have six or seven editions, published around the clock. Both morning and afternoon home deliveries will be offered, although newsstand sales are still more important in Chicago than in other major cities. All indications are that quality will remain high throughout the cycle. The *Tribune*'s biggest problem will remain that of convincing young people, blacks and liberals that the old *Tribune*—which featured the slogan "The American paper for Americans" on the masthead and hysterical right-wing editorials—is long gone.

Tribune executives concede that the chief short-term beneficiary of the death of *Today* will be the *Sun-Times*, which will automatically pick up that portion of *Today*'s circulation that was dependent on its tabloid format. Whether or not the *Sun-Times* can consolidate those gains remains to be seen. The *Tribune* has proven in recent years that it is awfully tough on the rebound.

—Ron Dorfman

THE WORD

The many interfaces of Tom Laughlin

As *The Trial of Billy Jack* moves toward national release, Tom Laughlin, the Billy Jack-empire's guiding genius, continues to be hobbled by a personal crisis—his failure to shed the 30 pounds of girth he has gained this year. The situation is so serious that it prompted a 2½-page, single-spaced interoffice memo that Delores Taylor—Laughlin's wife, co-star and producer—distributed to all employees of BJ productions on August 22. *New Times* has obtained a copy of that memo, from which we reprint the following self-explanatory excerpts (capitalization and syntax are faithfully reproduced from the original):

"*PLEASE READ CAREFULLY.* . . . Yesterday Tom did a polish re-write job on THE MASTER

Laughlin: hassled goose

GUNFIGHTER. HE DID FIFTY-FIVE (55) PAGES OF REWRITE. . . . 55 of those pages were not only usable but damn good rewrites. I am trying to emphasize to everybody that can you imagine what would happen if we found a way to get off his back. . . . *NOW PLEASE READ THIS WELL*. . . . At this time Tom has to lose 30 pounds in the next three weeks to do the pick-up shooting. If the pick-up shooting is not done that week, there will be no release date met on this picture nor will there be a start date met on THE MASTER GUNFIGHTER.

"Yesterday he gained a pound instead of losing.

"So, it is very clear that if I can find ways to relieve Tom of the day-to-day problems that people cannot help themselves in putting onto him, we can

ILLUSTRATION BY CAROLYN BUCKLEY

achieve getting the creative work done that will flood our company with some magnificent product, and we can get Tom's weight down by giving him the time that he needs to exercise, diet, sauna, massage etc. each day to meet this impossible physical problem . . . which, frankly, I am scared could result in a heart-attack or worse because of and by itself without anything else involved it is an extremely dangerous medical problem.

"I will be meeting with you in the next few days and what I am going to insist on is a number of people who inter-face with Tom or send memos to Tom is drastically reduced or stopped. . . . A plan I have in mind is that the only people who will send memos to Tom or inter-face with Tom in person or on the telephone (outside of specially set up meetings) will be [a list of 5 names]. . . .

". . . Unwittingly . . . we are killing the goose that is laying all our golden eggs. . . ."

The whizzer of Oz

Unlike Evel Knievel's dubious parachute float into the Snake Canyon, the First Annual Mammoth Mountain Whizzing Contest—which commanded no publicity—was truly a remarkable sporting event. Held Sept. 1 in Mammoth, Calif., the contest drew a small field of 27 male entrants, each wearing official T-shirts with toilets emblazoned on the chest, and an audience of about 100 people including

women and children. "Women were invited to compete," said sponsor Carl Preston, a local businessman, "but they refused because men were allowed to use their hands."

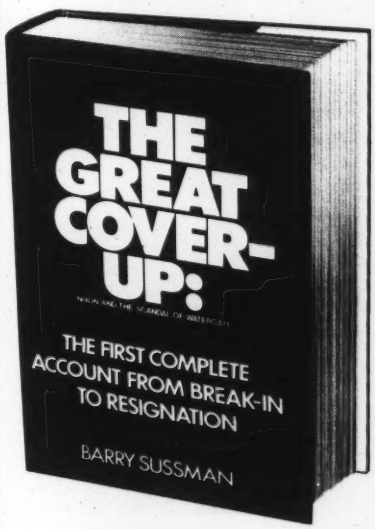
Contestants started to fuel up on beer at the Mammoth Tavern at 6:30 in the morning. By 11:00, they were ready to whizz. The event itself, according to Preston, was held inside a warehouse "to eliminate the wind factor."

The warehouse floor had been chalked off like a miniature football field for the $75 winner-take-all distance event. But the accuracy contest, which consisted of trying to fill a tin cup placed 4½ feet in front of each contestant, had to be called off. "Every time I stepped out to pick up the cup to measure," Preston explained, "the contestants pissed on me."

The distance event, however, went off on schedule. Of the 12 out of 26 entrants who actually stepped up to the three-foot-high platform to perform, one man seemed to have won easily at 12 feet, 4 inches. But that was before Bob Wiltshire from the local water company showed up. Wiltshire unzipped and let pour a breathtaking 18-feet, 2-inch stream.

The contest apparently was so well received in the area that the sponsors have decided to hold a second contest this January, when a new winter penmanship event will be added—writing in the snow.

Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward call him "a walking compendium of Watergate knowledge."*



This is Barry Sussman, Editor of the Year, 1973.**

Barry Sussman was an editor on the *Washington Post*'s Pulitzer Prize-winning Watergate investigation. He was the behind-the-scenes investigator, the inside source people turned to for advice.

Now, he goes beyond any other book on Watergate to expose Richard Nixon's role in the shocking events of our national scandal. He charges that evidence against Nixon was so incriminating in the early stages that the scandal "might have been put to an end long, long ago if not for the help powerful men on Capitol Hill extended to their President."

*"More than any other editor at the *Post* . . . Sussman became a walking compendium of Watergate knowledge, a reference to be summoned when even the library failed."—*All The President's Men*, Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward

**Sussman was named Editor of the Year by the Washington-Baltimore Newspaper Guild.

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Happy days ar

By Jesse Kornbluth

The P. R. man at McDonald's World Headquarters was not amused. "Lifestyle depression" he could understand; some kind of belt-tightening and self-imposed austerity wouldn't hurt the country and certainly wouldn't put McDonald's out of business. But if the bottom ever seriously dropped out of the economy, seeing those golden arches nationalized—with McDonald's becoming the soup kitchen of a nation—was too much for him, a bad dream out of Marxist science fiction. "It'll never happen," said Ronald McDonald's man. "The idea does a disservice to the country and to McDonald's."

Margaret Bourke-White, Life Magazine, ©Time Inc.: 1937

The new Depression is well on its way. But this time it may be upbeat, ushering in new lifestyles and vindicating the do-it-yourself ethic of the *Whole Earth Catalog*

re here again

But then, he hadn't caught the Labor Day crowd at the soup kitchen of New York's Catholic Worker, just before the welfare checks arrived. "Each month, the lines have been getting longer," say the men who cater to the Bowery, "and over Labor Day, we saw the biggest soupline anybody can remember."

It's not the 1930s, with Rudy Vallee crooning and nickel apples. No bums will steal cooling pies from kitchen windows, nor will we ever see what Chicagoans did in 1932: militiamen loading live bullets into rifles aimed at an unruly breadline crowd. So, although we're goony with nostalgia, we need never fear riots in front of McDonald's; whatever the Depression looks like, the expanding class of the invis-

Vision of tomorrow's Depression by Dickran Palulian: 1974

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

ible poor will remain as hidden as it's been these last few decades. Nonetheless, what is taking place in America looks like the beginnings of a new kind of Depression—there are those who maintain we're well into it—but this time around, there's going to be extreme reluctance in labeling it big-D Depression. Just as you couldn't convince anyone Nixon was at least a potential fascist— *everyone* knows Nazis wear leather boots and lunch on knockwurst—so the public imagines there's no way to experience a Depression without fireside chats and Jimmy Cagney movies.

Call it what you will, the economic factors alone are downbeat enough to qualify this as the genuine article: the highest interest rates since the Civil War (bank profits up an average 20 percent) but actual wages are down 6.6 percent so far this year. Delinquent loans are up to 2.6 percent. Unemployment is pushing 30 percent in some inner-city ghettos, and Herman Kahn predicts 10 percent unemployment across the country by the end of the decade. More immediately, there's no way to put what money you have in a place where you won't get hurt—inflation outstrips any legal investment. A Chevy with wheels goes for $5,000; the house you own, you can no longer afford to buy. And President Ford's only "cure" for this relentless economic beating is to "cut" the 1975 federal budget, an imaginary budget trim if ever there was one, for he's actually boosting federal expenditures some 12 percent and reducing only the *level* of increase.

A pioneer in the use of chemotherapy for mental depression compares this period to the "Elizabethan great age of melancholy"

There are those (and until recently, I counted myself among them) who believe all this gloom-mongering is the inevitable result of Walter Cronkite's field correspondents sticking a mike in front of every Okie in sight and asking leading questions about the new Dust Bowl. One-man media factory Jerome Agel—co-author of several of McLuhan's media books—maintains that this Depression exists to waste newsprint and fill vacant television time: "the new Watergate." Certainly, there's an aspect of Depression thinking that's self-inflicted. Just as children feign sickness to grab a parent's attention, so the hassled consumer grabs the interviewer and talks his ear off about the nonstop slump we're headed for unless something is done and soon. Dr. Nathan Kline, a pioneer in the use of chemotherapy for mental depression, compares this period to the "Elizabethan great age of melancholy." By flogging themselves with public accounts of their despair, he says, Elizabethans came to "consider it a superior malady." Our well-known obsession with the apocalypse has, inevitably, encouraged the film industry to fuel the process (*Earthquake, The Towering Inferno, Phase IV*). Here's Paramount's Frank Yablans on the spate of wide-screen disasters: "People are alarmed by world conditions. What we have to do is create a fantasy that's bigger than life, a fear that's bigger than their fear."

But as much as this Depression is being marketed and promoted, it isn't happening just because masochists and moguls, bank presidents and corporate chieftains have decreed it. Rather, the lifestyle Depression is a historical inevitability, a necessary cultural reorientation in a time when, as economics writer David Deitch notes, "capitalism is cannibalizing itself." Lord knows the straight-line projections of this particular Depression are worse than just unpleasant—Robert Heilbroner predicts a vast authoritarian government and reduced individual freedom; Arnold Toynbee imagines a "stockade society" and a "siege economy"—but there's another, brighter side to this Depression that doesn't get noticed in the general gloom.

It's coming, according to this view, because a radical change in our lifestyles is needed and no one in power has the courage or wisdom to lobby for it; it's coming because we're at the end of one epoch and there's no magical midwife who can bring

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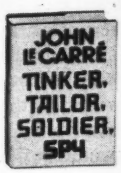

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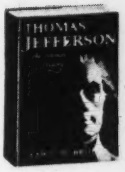

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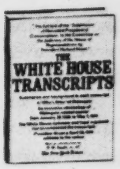

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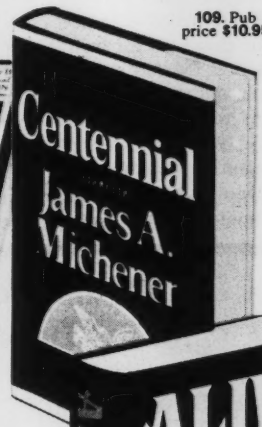

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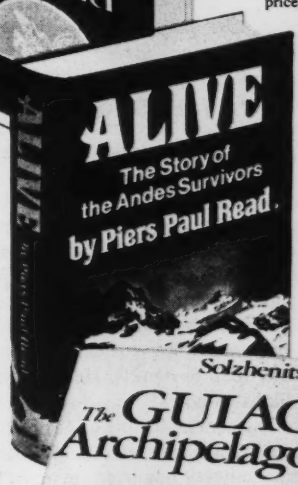

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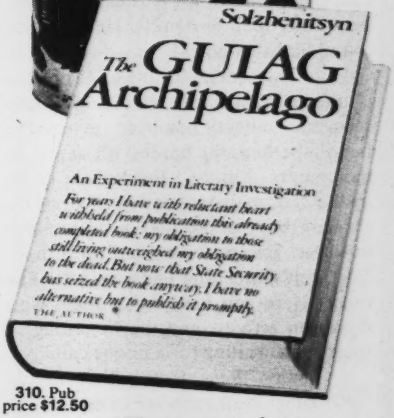
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"The greatest and most powerful single indictment of a political regime ever to be leveled in modern times."

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in the next one without pain. Because we are powerless and can't stand it. Because we can no longer afford to take, take, take without giving something back. Because—at last!—narrow nationalism will no longer work, and the famines and revolutions in the rest of the world have real and immediate effect on us. Immediately, this effect will be economic and negative; marginal business enterprises are the first victims of the unrelieved credit crunch and the conglomerates will gobble up the weak and failing. The increasingly centralized power of the banks and conglomerates already rivals that of the government; by encouraging inflationary practices at the expense of the consumer, they seem able to make more money—on paper at least—on lower volume than ever before.

So in this Depression, the unholy manipulation of the economy won't send us into the kind of panic our parents experienced in the 1930s; the lessons learned the last time out allow conglomerates to control the Depression without us ever hitting rock bottom. This Depression, we probably won't go broke. We may curse the bankers, but we won't foment revolution—we won't even drink to stupor and sleep with everybody who'll have us. Instead, we'll stop on street corners and take the literature from this week's messianic fanatic. Assuming we're not all working two jobs to keep afloat, we'll just tighten our belts and keep going; if we're lucky, we won't have to wake up to the fact that we've changed direction. With more luck, this Depression will be a bloodless social revolution, a shift—finally!—from an economy based on the consumption of goods to one that emphasizes and rewards human services. As soon as we get rid of our 1930s fantasies, we can sound upbeat about our own lifestyle Depression. Though the end result is uncertain, it's possible that Depression might be the best thing that's happened to us since Richard Nixon discovered the tape recorder.

But what will it look like? Overall, it might well be a compulsory greening of America: in the key areas—food, clothing, shelter, work—it looks very much as if the hippie proclamations of the late 1960s are going to be adopted by the rest of us. In different form, somewhat, but nevertheless, the legacy of the 1960s dropout movement is probably what will allow the hard-pressed wage earner to survive.

What a vindication it would be for the *Whole Earth Catalog*.

Food, for example: for the past few years, Montgomery Ward reports record sales of Mason jars and canning materials, but this year demand is astronomical. Which means that a diet based increasingly on home-grown vegetables will be more prevalent this winter. With bread prices not far from the proverbial dollar loaf and sugar prices up 300 percent in a year (and sure to go higher after the hurricanes ravage the cane crop), carbohydrate-ridden menus may become unaffordable. "Tuna Helper" enjoys a brief vogue, but the home-cooked meal—on its way to extinction in the early 1970s—will be revived. And not just as a substitute for restaurants, but as an event: for leaner, healthier Americans, dinner may be the

Getting ready for the Depression

On Wall Street

When Jim Stangeland left Wall Street, it was still possible for a 24-year-old *wunderkind* to pull in some $150,000 a year. Now, after a two-year exploration of the globe, he's back on the Street as an over-the-counter trader—and he's happy to be making a tenth of that. Volume is off 90 percent. There are days when his entire office does less business than he personally used to handle. He does not sound like a go-go kid.

"The general feeling on the Street is one of tremendous gloom. And the securities industry has been—across the board—perhaps the hardest hit of any in the country. Almost a third of the firms in the National Association of Security Dealers have consolidated or left the business. Except for a small upturn in '71-'72, it's been one bad year after another. Here you have smart men, who thrive on activity, and they're sitting at their desks waiting for a phone call."

Why, then, doesn't he join the 7,000 other brokers who have fled the Street before the long slow skid turns into a crashing temple of stone?

"It's a feast-and-famine business. My firm is well-capitalized. We actually made money this year. I'm hooked up with guys I think are very bright and I'm honored to be working with them. Day to day, it's tough . . . but there will always be a stock market. When I was in Leningrad, I went to the Naval Museum; it used to be the Russian Stock Exchange. I don't think we're nearly there.

"The problem is that we're experiencing a new phenomenon: rising prices and an economy that's headed nowhere but down. We're heading for a classic inventory recession and there seems to be no solution but to let nature take its course—a good steady recession, probably through 1975. We're also at the end of a cycle on the growth stocks, which doesn't help any. Over the last three years, only these growth stocks showed any performance. But everybody bought the same 20-40 stocks. And at the end of a cycle, the growth stocks get killed. That's what's happening now. Avon was 120, now it's in the 30s. Polaroid was 100, now it's 17. They're just being slaughtered.

"Still, I don't fear a depression. Throughout history, debacle usually comes when people least expect it. The fact that we're so attuned to this means it probably won't happen. But what will happen has to be for the good of the country, especially for our generation. We've got no idea what it's like to have it tough. By the time this is over, we may not know what it's like to be black, but we'll sure know what it feels like to be tan."

On the farm

Josiah Adams won a commission to compose a horn concerto. He hasn't done it yet. Out in western Massachusetts where he lives with his wife, child and six other "university-trained specialists" on a farm that's sometimes called a commune, he's been too busy this summer preparing "a definitive cost-analysis survey" of the farm. The purpose: to

Over-the-counter trader Jim Strangeland.

way to spend an evening in the new Depression.

Of course, we may not be eating alone any longer; it's not only cheaper to buy and cook in quantity, but we may be living together as never before. The real-estate market is glutted with large, expensive houses and apartments. Getting a mortgage for any home is all but impossible, and even the affluent achievers are beginning to notice that the cost of living alone—in small, poorly-constructed modern buildings—is expensive out of all proportion to either earnings or reality. The solution? Urban communes, groups of like-minded individuals (or families) sharing the former dwellings of the rich. When two New York families can share a sumptuous nine-room spread for $650 a month, why should each family continue paying $400 for a tiny two-bedroom closet?

The other trappings of the hippie lifestyle that have been in vogue for some time are now suddenly practical as well as stylish. Bicycle sales have encouraged more than one broker to leave Wall Street and open a cycle shop, sewing machines are another hot item, movies-and-a-coke have replaced the nightclub. The most visible sign of a hippie-utilitarian lifestyle is in clothing—the casual, practical look has come of age. Stores that stock only jeans are the blue-chip stocks of the Depression; one slowly growing chain has suddenly expanded from eight to 25 stores in a year. Corporate earnings of Levi Strauss have doubled (to $650 million) in four years; for the first six months of 1974, sales are up 45 percent over the same period last year. "Leisure clothes are making their way into executive offices," say the Levi people, and their biggest problem is rationing: making sure every store gets some Levis. "Production's really straining to meet the demand," they say—but until someone spends $25 million for a new denim-and-dye plant, size 32 Levis will be highly-prized items.

For leaner, healthier Americans, dinner may be the way to spend an evening in the new Depression

Possible government action makes it hard to predict the Depression's effect on jobs, but it seems likely that middle-level management will be pruned as job categories are consolidated to reduce corporate payrolls. The four-day week is a real possibility, the 1970's equivalent of "job-sharing." In response, however, skilled professionals may be encouraged to walk out of increasingly rigid companies to start their own, smaller enterprises more attuned to Depression economics. "The individual as institution"—with all the tax breaks and financial havens that corporations now enjoy—could be a phenomenon of the decade.

decide whether the collective life is economically viable in a depression. And he's not at all sure it is.

"If bad financial times came today," he says, "we'd probably lose the farm. Sure, it cost only $35,000, but with interest, it comes to 75 thou. We have less than half of that paid, less than 10 acres under active cultivation. In spite of the fact that the monthly nut is $500, this place is still woefully dependent on the outside, meaning—if you want to take it right to the bottom—our parents."

The solution: "As the depression comes, we'll have to optimize. To the extent that we do farming, we'll have to do it the best. It's not a romance, we can't sentimentalize the old tractor anymore." In short, increase productivity: "We can't afford to be hippies anymore."

Adams has organized the Crashing Tower Pickle Company to increase revenue from the farm's cucumber crop. Instead of selling $700 worth of cukes to the local processing plant, he's contracted to deliver 2,000 quarts of bottled pickles to a local supplier. Cash yield: three times greater.

Farmer Josiah Adams, poet Verandah Porsche and child.

The next project is a cheese factory. Adams and his wife, poet Verandah Porsche, have read 100 books on cheese-making and established a pilot project that enabled a neighboring farm to sell its cheese for one-third less than commercial brands. His own Boursin, he expects, will not only taste exactly like the French import but will yield $10 per hour to its manufacturers.

For a composer, Adams is extraordinarily up on the subject of agriculture: "In the last depression, there was an outflux of people from cities to any region where food could be grown. In New England, dairy is best suited to the land; one cow can produce the total protein for eight people. With a minimum of five cows in milk, I think we can produce good quality Cheddar and sell it for less than 30 cents a pound."

It's all part of the only sensible master plan, Adams contends: "Get every cent you can and pay for your land, because the banks aren't going to let you keep it later." Then produce what's needed, sell it to "the Boogs" (the bourgeois middle class) and try to make it, not for a brief slump, but for the long haul.

"We always knew the system was rotten," Adams concludes, "but now it's rotten and it doesn't even work." He looks over at his piano and sighs. "Yeah, we've been thinking about the economy. We've been thinking about it a whole lot."

J.K.

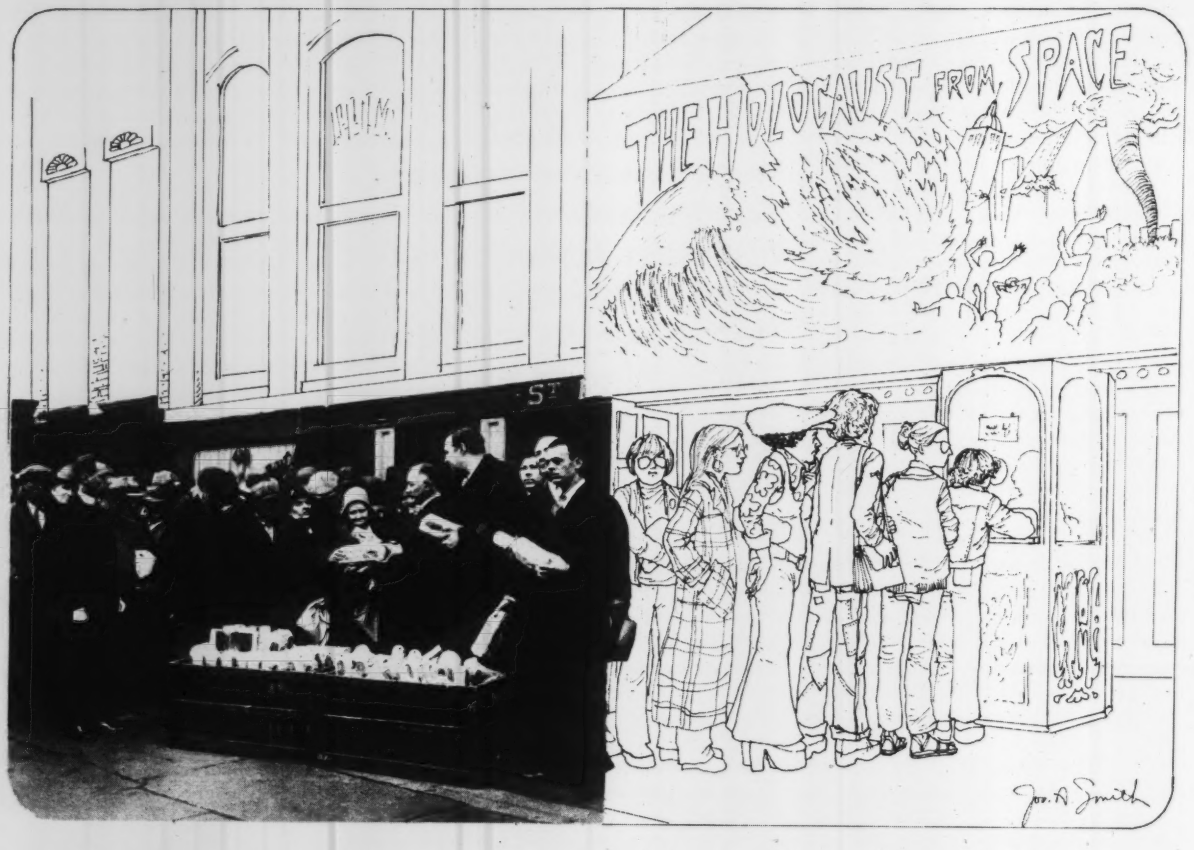

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

After the late '60s land rush and '70s slump, the countryside is attractive again, not so much because it's cheaper (mortgages are tight in the boonies, too) but because, in the absence of answers to urban social problems, it looks like the last outpost of civilized life. Already, used tractors are selling for almost as much as new ones; Ashley Woodstoves ("Live Modern—Burn Wood" is their corporate motto) are always sought after, but this year, 150 would-be buyers in one Vermont town signed up for the seven to be delivered.

Dr. Peter Goldmark, inventor of the long-playing record and an important figure in the development of color television, believes a back-to-the-land movement is, in fact, the only real solution to our social and economic problems. Goldmark now heads up his own communications company which for the last few years has been working out ways of revitalizing our underdeveloped rural areas. Since 1940, he says, 30 million people have moved from these areas to the cities, the largest migration in history. In spite of back-to-the-land movements, 90 percent of our population now lives on 10 percent of the land; unless this trend is checked, by the year 2000, two-thirds of us will live in a dozen urban areas, mostly in three sprawling megalopoles. But with the help of computer technology, cable TV, the Xerox machine—and a Depression—a "new rural society" could emerge in the next 30 years, with some 100 million people moving to 6,000 presently underpopulated rural areas (increasing the growth of each by less than 2 percent).

If men are suddenly displaced from their jobs in large numbers, says the author of *Sexual Suicide*, they might relate to women "in increasingly predatory ways"

In a Depression, the likelihood that Goldmark's plan might be adopted improves markedly—new jobs would be created, the exodus from the city would be more structured and the energy drain now caused by commuting and mass climate control would be substantially reduced. If the scenario of the 1970s gets really grim and worldwide famine finally begins to affect Americans directly, this reshuffling of the population would do much more than integrate city culture with rural bucolicism—it could mean the difference between belt-tightening and hunger.

In a Depression, original ideas get a better hearing; when the old ways are proven unworkable, it's possible for a new creative class to come to power. "Every thirty years in America, there used to be a new economic royalty," notes departing Wall Streeter Roger Smith. "The Virginia planting aristocracy was it in the 18th century, then the Massachusetts shippers, then the textile aristocrats and the railroad builders of the 1870s to 1890s. Then came the industrial oil gang of 1890 to 1910 and suddenly, bang, it stopped. Power still belongs to the Rockefellers and Mellons, the children of those families. Just recently, the most impressive escalation in relative and social status is among creative people. The industrial route is much tougher." Where is Roger Smith bound? "Warner Communications—and I'm not the last to jump ship."

If jobs become scarce, it will be interesting to see if the women's movement is able to sustain the gains of the last few years. If men—the traditional bread-

winners—are suddenly displaced in large numbers, the result, says George Gilder, author of *Sexual Suicide*, may be that men will relate to women "in increasingly predatory ways." Like their counterparts in the ghetto, the sexuality of an unemployable class of males "would swing between robbery and rape." The reverse scenario, in which women are axed because of gender, would create "a few million new converts to lesbianism," says one feminist thinker.

More probably, traditional roles would be embraced as never before: couples will make the singles phenomenon passé. "Love is coming back, romance is on the rise," boops Genevieve Waite, a rock-torch singer who stands to make it big in the" '30s revival." Though the birthrate will remain low, marriage will pick up, if only for the tax advantages.

Taken as a whole, the odds for surviving a lifestyle Depression seem incredibly high; only in the inner city, where options are limited to welfare or crime, is it likely that dog-eat-dog tendencies will be acted out. For most of us, austerity programs would simply slow a pace of life that has been doing us in for decades.

So there is, finally, a good case to be made for the argument that Depression is what we want, whether or not we need the social reorganization it will surely foment. "We're really creaming for a 'good war,' a cause we can sink our collective teeth into," says an aging '60s leftist. "We want Victory Gardens and factories where men can work shoulder-to-shoulder with their sisters. We want to sacrifice. The lights are going out all over the world." He smiles, light from his kerosene lantern flickering over his face. "Won't it be great?"

The Depression as World War II revisited—it just might work. Think of it: our drug-crazed boys are coming home! Nympho daughters talking of marriage and learning how to type! Whole families plucking berries while Mom washes out the canning jars! President Ford reading "Blondie" to us on prime-time TV! "You deserve a break today" as the new national anthem!

God, it's inspiring. So welcome, if you please, the Great Lifestyle Depression, the perfect melding of Consciousness III and our traditional values. Let there be a new WPA, let art and ecology thrive, let those who want a permanent vacation try it out and see how it feels. Let this new phenomenon help you define yourself; whether you see it as the end of the line, a cause for fear or the dawn of a new era beyond politics, there's something in it for you. Depression for sale, cheap: buy it now, before it gets *too* real. ●

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Watkins of Pasadena, California announce the marriage of their daughter, Patricia Jaws, to Mr. Cheech y Chong, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Chong of Siam.

Breach of promise

By Larry L. King

The bombshell that was the unpardonable Pardon should have registered as little more than a firecracker even on Watergate-stewed brains. Had we but consulted the record and available clues, we might have suspected—whether useful citizens or mere reporters—that it had been written in the stars. Richard Nixon probably knew it; likely he sensed in his craftier nooks that, should push come to shove, then Gerald R. Ford would prove as loyal as any old dog.

Ford's well-advertised Old Shep qualities, indeed, may account for why Nixon so cheerfully tapped him for Veep: it was nothing less than a form of disaster insurance. While the rest of us sailed for the obvious in explaining Ford's selection (he was of the Congress and loved by it, a body the slipping President needed quickly to shore up), Dick Nixon knew something everyone else forgot in the new numbness attending Spiro Agnew's fall and heightened Watergate suspicions: that Gerald Ford is one of the relatively few living Americans who not only admires Nixon but actually *likes* him.

Ideologically, the two are brothers: Ford voted for more than 90 percent of Nixon's legislative proposals, spoke out in defense of programs bogged in the congressional morass and otherwise carried faithful water. From their earliest days in the House of Representatives—Nixon came in '47, Ford followed in '49—they had appeared to be kindred spirits. One assumes that Jerry Ford had no notion, back then, of those dark secret furies agitating Dick Nixon's soul. They were young hail-fellow founding members of the Chowder and Marching Society, a group of double-conservative Republicans who regularly met to enjoy simple food and Middle America fellowship including sing-alongs during which Nixon punished the piano, Bob Michael of Illinois bellowed the desired key and Jerry Ford grinned. Even then Nixon was the star of the group, having bagged Alger Hiss, and the others deferred to him.

Though ever a loner and always uncertain of where he belonged, Dick Nixon took pains to return for Chowder and Marching Society functions even after moving on to the Senate and then to the vice-presidency; he donned the club apron and chef's hat, gamely offering that determined stiff grin. Feeling occasional golfing urges, he invited Jerry Ford's participation. In a minor way, Ford came close to being Nixon's early Bebe Rebozo. In 1965, by which time all sane people had given Dick Nixon up for politically dead, Ford told a journalist (though carefully placing it off the record so as not to offend others) that Nixon remained his presidential choice. "He calls me and checks in with me, sometimes from pay phones at airports," Ford said. "Nelson Rockefeller and the others—well, they don't do that." When House Minority Leader Ford called on the apparently moribund Nixon to stump the country for party congressional hopefuls, he appreciated the quick response. "Dick's a team man," the old Michigan football star miscalculated. Ford places team men on a pedestal; like the late Speaker Sam Rayburn, he believes that the best way to get along is to go along. Certainly he went along with Dick Nixon almost from scratch.

The public has been jilted again, this time by the unpardonable Pardon; but then, Jerry Ford's affair with Richard Nixon goes way, way back

Though President Nixon was contemptuous of the Congress, rarely taking it into his confidence or receiving its advice, he sometimes consulted Jerry Ford. Ford was one of precious few congressmen who received advance warning that Nixon intended to war on Cambodia; he offered his immediate approval and later passionately defended the new war in the House. As the Asian war bogged down under LBJ, Ford more than Nixon offered harsh criticism, not because President Johnson's war taxed the nation's resources and patience but because, in Ford's view, we were muffing a chance to win by failing to provide enough bombs, manpower and napalm.

Indeed, Ford always has been a loyal old Cold Warrior, one who consistently voted for the larger schemes of the Pentagon brass and who limited his examinations of weaponry systems to seeking what Eisenhower's secretary of Defense, Engine Charlie Wilson, called "the biggest bang for the buck." He went along with a successful dirty trick to provide covert CIA funding toward the defeat of a member of the Japanese Diet who had blocked a state visit by President Eisenhower; he voted for hush-hush funds to sponsor the disastrous U-2 spy flights over Russia; he fought Red China's admission to the United Nations, criticized John F. Kennedy for failing to succeed at the Bay of Pigs and otherwise believed with Dick Nixon and others who carried big sticks. (Two weeks ago, he asked Congress to increase appropriations for Vietnam to the level Nixon had originally requested.)

His willingness to do Dick Nixon's dirty work was perhaps most apparent in Ford's fruitless effort to bring impeachment proceedings against Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas in retaliation for the U.S. Senate's refusal to confirm Judges Carswell and Haynsworth to the big court. Not even the youngest pageboy in the Republican cloakroom believes the idea originated with Ford: it was a brainchild of Nixon and Attorney General John Mitchell, one that disastrously backfired after they had Ford threaten to begin his impeachment attempt should the Senate fail to confirm. Once Justice Blackmun

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

had been confirmed, giving the Nixon administration another toe in the Warren Court door, the White House lost its sense of urgency about impeaching Justice Douglas—and so, simultaneously, did Gerald Ford. In that affair he was no better than a puppet. What is disturbing about the Douglas affair is that Ford appeared insensitive to supplying proper impeachment grounds, that he did not consider the dignity of his office or that of Justice Douglas in a shoddy performance during which he waved what he called "a girlie magazine" and attacked Douglas for a lack of morals in writing an article (on a matter of law, now) in the publication. Pure babbittry.

Granted, in his role of Republican honcho in the House, Jerry Ford might reasonably have been expected to eat a peck of presidential dirt: what's a party leader for? The thing to remember is that he seems to have served as much from his own basic convictions as from any official duty palpitations. He is a bona fide reactionary; scoffers and doubters are invited to inspect the 25-year record. True, he harbors none of the natural Nixon malices; his eyes do no juju dances, his facial muscles fail to tic, his upper lip sweateth not. No, for he is too smugly convinced of his ground to entertain doubt: that might makes right, that black and white may equally pull themselves up by their bootstraps provided they care enough, that Uncle Sam is the world's chosen policeman, that God in His infinite wisdom flies the Stars and Stripes from Heaven's fleeciest cloud and probably is unalterably opposed to wage and price controls even in the outlawed precincts of hell.

He is, in short, an old-fashioned conservative, a mightly partisan, an affable old hack with adjustable concerns. Years ago, Ford established in his Capitol Hill office a Polaroid camera so that Michigan visitors might have their pictures snapped with him, or—in his absence—be snapped by staffers while sitting at their congressman's desk. He specialized not in world-shaking schemes but in ombudsmanship: helping little old ladies gain their Social Security rights, obtaining for businessmen hearings with the Federal Trade Commission, appointing youngsters to West Point, inserting in the *Congressional Record* passionate doggerel composed by high school poets and then carefully mailing copies to friends and relatives of such would-be bards. These are common congressional functions, yes; some of them are useful ones. Congressmen of broad outlooks, however, leave such small wool-gatherings to their staff hirelings who exist, after all, for such housekeeping purposes. Jerry Ford insisted on being large in such small participations; even when House minority leader, he authored not a single piece of major legislation. One may fairly deduce, on the record of a quarter century, that he is by nature and instinct a limited man, one who sees few visions and is unhaunted by compelling dreams; he is so average one almost suspects it to be deliberate.

To Ford's credit, he clued us that he might not combine the qualities of Jefferson multiplied by your choice of the Roosevelts. "I am a Ford," he warned, "not a Lincoln." But in the wake of the Watergate nightmare, and desperately wanting to believe in a President for the first time in a decade or more, we foolishly assigned him impossible attributes. He was instant Paul Bunyan, Johnny Appleseed, Babe Ruth and Florence Nightingale; we saw the warm daddy grin and the innate sense of fair play indigenous to Ike, the common touch of Truman—Ford made his own breakfast, didn't he?—and maybe bits of Santa Claus or Saint Paul. In the whoopla and great relief of shedding Frankenstein, we forgot Ford's first public pledge on being named vice president: "Mr. President, you have my support and my loyalty." We shrugged off the Atlantic City speech in which the Veep claimed that, compared with Nixon's "mountainous achievements," Watergate was no more than "a tragic but grotesque sideshow"—and then blamed labor, the ADA and "other powerful pressure groups" for unfairly persecuting the President. Nor did we dwell on certain old bad judgments, no matter how innocent: that Ford once helped G. Gordon Liddy land a government job, that he approved and defended the dubious wheat sale to Russia with its swollen profits and conflicts of interests and hidden costs to the American householder, that for years he was uncomfortably friendly with an ultimately discredited lobbyist named Robert Winter-Berger, that not once during the Watergate revelations or the IT&T mess or the milk price scandal did Jerry Ford stand up and bark in protest. It was enough, given all we'd been through, that nobody had caught Ford with his hand in the till and that he seemed a good Joe; we are a simple people.

In the whoopla and great relief of shedding Frankenstein, we forgot Ford's first pledge on being named Vice President: "Mr. President, you have my support and my loyalty"

We may have missed another vital clue: that Ford's personal image of himself compulsively encourages comparison with Harry Truman. He replaced Woodrow Wilson's White House portrait with one of Truman, early on he quoted Truman's "the buck stops here"—a thing he would repeat during the Nixon Pardon speech—and he stressed sharing with Truman certain heartland America roots and values. And, other than the frequent use of salty language, what is the one personal characteristic of Harry Truman that leaps most readily to mind? Why, of course, a stubborn loyalty to his old associates *even when they erred.* He defended Boss Pendergast of Missouri; General Harry Vaughn, John Marigon, Lamar Caudle—the whole deep-freeze, mink coat and five-percenter group; he called the Hiss and Harry Dexter White probes "red herrings." Might we not have suspected that a man so doggedly imitating the Truman image likely would go the old crony route when the time came?

But if we, the people, miscalculated, then so did President Ford. Given that clarity of vision provided by hindsight, it is easy to understand why. Ford was being deified simply by appearing human and decent, merely for *not* being a paranoid thug (something Joe McGinniss warned against in the New York *Times*, ironically on the day of the unpardonable Pardon); he was loved by Congress, the people, even the egg-suck press. He remembered, too, that during those awful days when America's conscientious public men were begging Dick Nixon to quit the White House, they—and many plain citizens—were willing to grant immunity or any other concession to get Nixon out of the White House shadows and on the road. What President Ford failed to take into account was that conditions had rapidly changed: once the Nixon threat had passed, once the crisis was over, people had second thoughts. They were angry that the disgraced former President had failed to show contrition, had refused to admit culpability and had, in effect, kept the lid on many Watergate mysteries. Jerry Ford missed a vital clue to the change in the national mood: those grumblings attendant to his request that Nixon be given $850,000 for the presidential transition. And he may have failed to

properly consider how fully and with what complete trust we had accepted his presidential rhetoric: long lied to by officialdom, and having been told by our new leader that *he* would traffic in candor while keeping an open door, we were primed to be newly outraged when Mr. Clean suddenly dealt a dirty card from the deck's bottom. *Why, goddammit, it's the same ole fix; plots being hatched in the night again; deals being made behind the door; hellfire, it's nothing less than the ultimate Watergate cover-up.*

It was bad enough that Gerald Ford did that which—during the confirmation hearings—he had assured the Senate the public never would stand for. But much of the rage was caused by *how* he accomplished the deed. It somehow smacked of Pearl Harbor: a sneak action on a sleepy Sunday morning when the media sentries were absent from the public watch and snoring off their Saturday night excesses. It is not a thing the AWOL correspondents soon will forget, having been caught with their skivvies down and feeling much betrayed. This became evident when Dan Rather, who in his lowest professional moment had found a certain "majesty" in the indulgent leave-taking of Dick Nixon, now snapped in answer to White House assurances that the Pardon somehow was independent of that agreement whereby Mr. Nixon gets back his tapes: "What happened to the era of straight talk? A deal is a deal is a deal." Bet your rent money that the reporters with their microphones and notebooks aggressively sought out dissidents and stirred up such trouble as they could. They are human, too: after having celebrated the new White House wholesomeness in our homes—in living color or in indelible inks—they are embarrassed and angry and *hoo boy* do they have their stingers out!

Consider the amnesty flap. In the good old daze before Gerald Ford pardoned Nixon, the press led the cheers when the new President proposed a conditional amnesty permitting those who had avoided Vietnam War service to work themselves back into the government's good graces. Once Dick Nixon was given a "full, free, and absolute" pardon, however, the press changed its tune. Now columnists and commentators are asking why 50,000 young Americans are required to give two years public service to regain their citizenship rights—or, in the case of military deserters, lose any claim to veteran's benefits—when Nixon retains all pension rights, nearly a million dollars cash for transitional purposes and other benefits of high office.

So, too, with congressmen and senators who sweated and agonized through the Watergate hearings or the impeachment hearings, who have toe-danced on high wires and backed and filled in responding to mail from constituents alternately demanding a Nixon hanging or a Nixon whitewash, who thought at last the bitter cup had passed and had heaved great satisfying sighs once rescued from voting the ex-President up or down. While Democrats have cried the major condemnations, many thoroughly enjoying their crocodile tears, Republicans are sick and unbelieving. Here they had the aged Watergate monkey off their sore backs, nothing to defend in the upcoming November elections except a collapsing economy with galloping inflation, and now—*boom!*—Jerry Ford had, in reviving Watergate, accomplished that which no Democrat could have.

A call between friends: Ford tells Nixon that Rocky is the new vice president.

It's damn near funny how the media and dissident politicos have changed their tunes during the uproar over the unpardonable Pardon. Originally, their songs went that justice never could be evenhanded so long as Dick Nixon got pardoned while underlings doing his wicked bidding were left to run the risks of jurors and judges. Then, when President Ford—tardily realizing he'd shot himself in the ass with large-bore political buckshot—attempted to recoup by floating a lead balloon saying all *forty-eight* (!) Watergateites were being considered for official mercy, the wailings and yowlings sounded like the Anvil Chorus getting its pitch from a buzz saw. Now the lyrics went: *Pardon 'em all and we'll never know/Just what happened at the Watergate show/Carpet the dirt and close the books/And history will name us eternal schnooks.* Gerald R. Ford has managed to make his critics sound creditable no matter what they say.

One might laugh at these absurdities were the Republic in good health. But there is a choking heard in the laughter, gasps and gurgles and wheezings akin to that of a chronic asthmatic or terminal emphysemic. Approaching his 200th birthday, Uncle Sam seems down with the pip.

Ford, of course, will have many opportunities to redeem himself—and the country. But it will be tough. He must put together the Humpty-Dumpty economy, attempt to ease our spoiled minds and foul tempers during the sure fuel and gasoline shortages of the approaching winter season, face the expected attritions of his party in the November elections, generally stitch and prop and heal and plug fingers in the dike. Blacks—dispirited and largely docile in their understandings of the uncaring Nixon years—are about due to award another long hot summer in payment of new accumulations of neglect. For perhaps five years—and surely for the past two Watergate-surfeited years—the main social work of America largely has gone undone.

We must live with the fact that on a given Sunday in September of 1974, Gerald Ford and Evel Knievel fell into their respective grand ditches; where Evel Knievel made six million bucks, Jerry Ford banked no coin at all. In a time when he needed the public good will to aid the necessary recoveries, Ford has carelessly squandered it and now has few reserves. ●

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I beg your pardon

By Paul Slansky

In the wake of Richard Nixon's resignation, three new and startling tapes surfaced last week. The transcripts:

Thursday, August 29, 1974
4:03 a.m.–4:10 a.m.

F (sleepily) Hello?

N Hello, Jerry.

F Oh, good morning, Mr. President. What's up?

N Did I wake you, Jerry? I beg your pardon.

F No, no, that's okay. I had to get up to make toast anyway. How are you doing?

N Frankly, Jerry, it's not easy having nothing to do after working 18 to 20 hours every day on behalf of the American people for the cause of world peace.

F Why don't you catch up on your swimming, sir? You know what I say, a 15-minute swim is worth three of Bebe's mai-tais.

N Never mind that, Jerry. This isn't a social call. I saw your press conference yesterday. Remember when you said you wouldn't decide on the pardon question until the legal process had worked its will?

F Yes, well I . . .

N Well, you know what I say, Jerry. Many times a president needs to be told when he's doing something wrong, so I'm calling to tell you. Frankly, Jerry, you're taking the easy path (the sound of a handkerchief mopping an upper lip is barely audible). To procrastinate, to agonize, to wait for a more favorable turn of events that may never come is a weak course for a president to follow. Do you want to be known as a pitiful, helpless giant?

F No, sir, not at all. It's just that . . .

N Now, if you're worried about preserving this silly honeymoon with Congress, you should forget it. If I told you some of the things that your so-called friends in Congress told me about you in the complete privacy of the Oval Office, you'd be glad to get rid of them. If there's one lesson that we've all learned from this so-called Watergate incident, it's the importance of personal loyalty. Remember now, if it weren't for me, you wouldn't be where you are now. You know, Jerry, there are some people that you can just look in the eye and say, "This guy's got it." From the moment I called you into my office, I knew you had it.

F I won't forget that, Mr. President. Thank you, sir. Thank you very . . .

N All right then. You're the quarterback, you call the plays. The buck stops at your desk now, just as so many of them stopped at mine when I was sitting there. Are you just going to stand by and let the vultures in the press pick my Caracas.

F Don't you mean carcass, sir?

N That's what I said, jackass! (pause) I'm sorry, Jerry, I didn't mean that. It's just that I've been under so much pressure lately.

F I understand, sir.

N Do you know what I did yesterday? I didn't shave in the morning, and later on I walked along the beach in a rumpled suit *without my tie on.*

F I know, sir, it was on the news last night.

N I knew it would be, Jerry. And I'm not shaving today either. And later I'm going to put my pajamas on and wander around my estate, and maybe climb a tree for the TV cameras.

F But why would you want to humiliate yourself like that?

N And tomorrow I think I'll have a few reporters in and get drunk and talk football. Then maybe I'll stumble and fall in the surf and roll around for a while. How do you think the American people will like that—seeing a former president in that condition? And one more thing, Jerry. I'm not gonna take the medicine for my leg, or go to the hospital if they tell me to. I am going to wait till this thing swells up to the size of a Redwood tree. It might even be the death of me, Jerry. How are you gonna feel then? Everyone's gonna blame it on you, you know.

F I wish you wouldn't do it, sir. I'm afraid you'll arouse ugly passions and partisan divisiveness if you do.

N Well, Jerry, it's your move. *I* don't care what happens to me personally, but frankly a criminal trial could have a devastating effect on the doctrine of executive privilege, not to mention my health. And it could well establish a precedent that all future ex-presidents would suffer from. I'm sure I don't have to tell you who the next ex-president is going to be.

F Hmmm, I hadn't thought of that . . .

N Naturally, one never does.

F You're absolutely right, sir. I see now that only I can write "The End" to this tragedy. And if I can, I must. And if I must, I shall. And if I shall I . . .

N Jerry, stop that! You won't be sorry, believe me. This will be an enormous relief to the American people (sound of ice cubes clinking against a glass).

F Don't worry about a thing, sir. You just go have a good shave and tie one on, I mean, put a tie on.

N Keep in touch, Jerry. Goodbye.

F Goodbye, sir. And God bless you.

Friday, September 6, 1974
2:15 p.m.–2:20 p.m.

N Hello?

F Hello, Mr. President.

N Oh, hi Jerry. I've been waiting for your call.

F Well, I was just wondering, sir, do you think you could help me out by, well, er, by accepting a little guilt. I'm afraid the public won't buy this unless you, er, 'fess up.

N Absolutely not, Jerry, that's out of the question. When you've been in this business as long as I have you'll realize that public opinion is totally irrelevant. It's formed by, you know, the liberals, the Jews . . .

F Would it be okay if we just make the evidence public, like we did with Agnew?

N What evidence? Jerry, Agnew was a crook. What does his case have to do with mine? No, I'm sorry, I won't accept a pardon unless it's full, free and absolute– particularly free. Jerry, have you any idea what my legal expenses have been?

F Well, could you at least express pain and regret over what happened?

N Now that's something else. That Archie Cox was sure a pain in the ass, and I certainly regretted what Richardson and Ruckelshaus did.

F I was thinking of something a bit closer to home. . .

N Jerry, I have an idea. I'll give you anguish and regret, I'll even throw in some mistakes–if you give me my tapes.

F Tapes?

N Yes, Jerry, *my* tapes. I can't begin work on my memoirs until Miss Woods finishes transcribing them for me.

F But the trials are coming up, and more subpoenas . . .

N Jerry, they're my tapes and they should be in my custody. Don't you think I'll take good care of them?

F How about a compromise, sir? We'll put them in a vault at San Clemente that'll have two keys. You'll keep one key and we'll keep the other one. How's that?

N Fine, as long as there's only one lock.

F That sounds all right to me, sir. I'm afraid terHorst is going to hit the roof, though, when he hears about all this.

N Then don't tell him. That's a good rule of thumb to keep in mind, Jerry. Never tell your press secretary any more than he absolutely needs to know–and in any event, never tell him the truth.

F That makes sense, sir. What he doesn't know won't hurt him.

N Or you. By the way, Jerry, I read your statement on amnesty.

F Oh, that was just a trial balloon, sir. Don't worry about that.

N No, no, Jerry, I'm not criticizing you, don't get me wrong. Have you given any thought to the type of alternate service they'll have to perform?

F I haven't gotten to it yet, sir, no.

N Well, if I may make a suggestion, I've got several acres here that are going untended since I had to let the gardener go. King Timahoe's kennel needs cleaning. The beach needs raking and my swimming pool is so full of leaves . . .

F Why, that's an outrage! Say no more, Mr. President, I'll have a platoon of draft dodgers out there in jig time. You just write your apology and leave the rest to me.

N Thanks, Jer, I knew you'd be a fine president.

F Really, sir? Did you really? You're not just saying that?

Tuesday, September 10, 1974
10:12 a.m.–10:17 a.m.

F Hello,?

N Hello, Jerry. How's it going?

F Not too well, sir. TerHorst quitting on me didn't help things at all.

N Jerry, plenty of people quit on me, too. So what? You take a few lumps and it's forgotten. Take my advice, though. Next time something like this comes up fire the bastard before he quits.

F The reaction has been terrible, sir. Haig says it's a "firestorm." The wires are running five to one against us.

N Believe me, it'll be a tempest in a teapot. You must be out of your mind, though, to let the public know their own reaction. If I were you I'd have my telegram writers working overtime to get that ratio turned around.

F Well, there is something to that . . .

N And a piece by Betty in the *Ladies Home Journal* wouldn't hurt. Don't worry, I can have Rabbi Korff revive his Committee for Fairness to the Presidency, and I'll send Ziegler out to fill in for terHorst.

F You're too generous, sir.

N Jerry, you hang in there. If I can make a suggestion, why don't you read *Six Crises*? I've been rereading it for the past 12 years and, in all candor, I find it damn inspirational.

F I'm afraid I lost my copy, sir.

N Well, hell, Jerry, buy another. In fact, buy a hundred of them and give them to everyone on your staff. The book makes fascinating reading, and besides, heh heh, I get a 25-cent royalty on each copy– which reminds me, Jerry, where's my $850,000?

F I'm afraid that's running into some opposition in Congress, sir.

N Well, do what you can, Jerry. I'm going to be needing the money to start rebuilding my staff–that is, if you can keep them out of jail.

F I'm sure we can work something out, sir, but why do you need a staff?

N Frankly, Jerry, I don't know how I could run a campaign without them.

F A *campaign*, sir?

N Certainly. My pardon leaves me with all my rights and, of course, the presumption of innocence. Now the way things are shaping up, Pat Brown Jr. is going to be governor of California, and by 1978 the people here should be ready for a change. Get me?

F Why, er . . . yes, Mr. President.

N Fine. Bye-bye now.

F One moment, sir. I . . .

N (click)

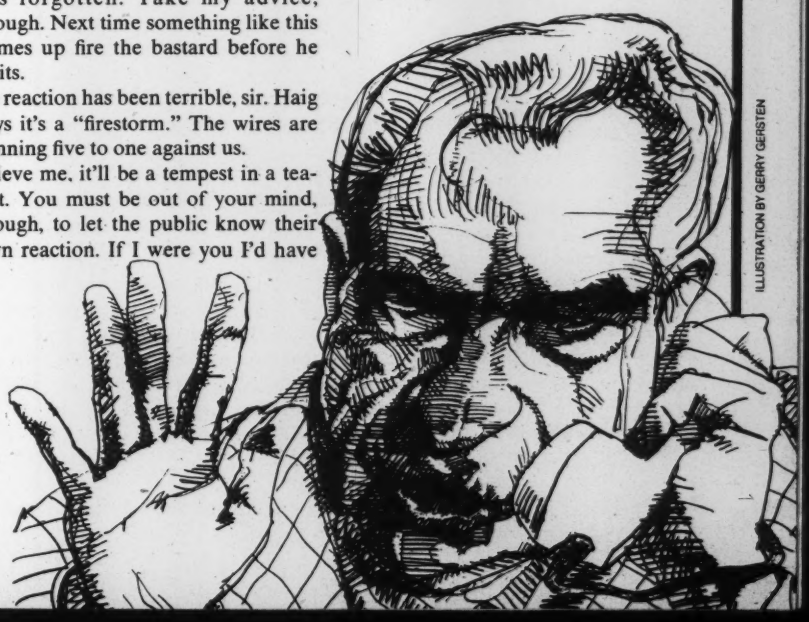


ILLUSTRATION BY GERRY GERSTEN

Where have all the Children of God gone?

Despite kidnappings, deprogrammings, investigations and a multimillion-dollar lawsuit, the Children of God are alive and well, raking in the money, brainwashing new "babes" every day and having a hell of a time

By Thomas Moore

Belte, short for Belteshazzar, has got his survival knapsack packed. In it, he's got everything he'll need for the apocalypse: one tube of toothpaste, one toothbrush, one comb, one first-aid kit, one flashlight and extra set of batteries, one jackknife and sharpening stone, one piece of rope, a box of waterproof matches, a set of maps for the northeast United States, a transistor radio and extra set of batteries, a set of eating and cooking utensils, a fold-up fishing rod and reel, a packet of seeds, one bottle of water-purification tablets, two tins of sardines, a pair of pants, a shirt and one set of clean underwear. And for the soul, he's got a small Bible and a plastic case of his favorite Mo letters—the biweekly wisdom of his spiritual leader, one Moses David. It's all packed and ready to go.

Belte is a child of God, as in Children of God. He can hardly wait for The End. If only it would happen tomorrow, then bang, out to the woods, scrounging for berries and roots. Baby-faced with blond hair cut in a bowl shape, Belte is either 20 or 22, depending on when you ask him. He grew up in Athol, Mass., where he used to be the top local dealer—grass, uppers, downers, yellows, reds, you name it, he had it. That used to be a big thing where he came from—not as big as what he's into now, but big nevertheless. He used to drive to Worcester every two weeks in a reconditioned '59 Chevy he got for $100 and pick up a new shipment. Then he'd drive back out to this place he'd set up in the woods—sort of like the refuge he's got in mind for The End—and he had it wired up for sound, stereo, tape decks, the whole bit. At night, his friends would filter out to his place, buy some grass, get stoned and party till dawn.

But, see, that was all meaningless, Belte says. No purpose to it. Sure, he was bucking the system—no job, no college, no Army (his lottery number was 364), no parents to speak of—his father died when he was a kid and his mother and stepfather didn't care much what he did so long as he didn't bother them. He had money from the grass trade, all the beer he cared to drink, friends, status. But what did it all add up to?

So, like a lot of other kids too young for the street-fighting politics of the '60s, Belte started to look around for something he could plug into, something that could make sense out of all the chaos and nonsense going on around him. The Establishment? Forget it—light years behind him. The despairing politicos of the '60s? Everything's just a bummer to them. The drug culture? He'd already done that. Belte wanted something new, something radically different, something to lift him up, make him high on life and not on emptiness. He found it, all right. The ultimate trip, the last trip: the Children of God.

And what irony. The Bible's only been around since the beginning of time. Just a simple book, passed down from one generation to another. Until it got lost in the shuffle of churches, money, intellectuals, systems, wars, economics, politics and drugs. "Once I was passing out Mo letters in Harvard Square," Belte says, "and, let me tell you, it was rough. 'Get outta here,' they'd say. 'Who needs that? Get lost. Fuck you.' That's what they'd say. I gave a letter to this Harvard student and you know what he told me? He said the Bible is only one book on his shelf."

The oldest book in the world, totally dumped on by everybody, until now it's just one book stacked up on a long shelf along with *I'm OK, You're OK* and *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*.

Yes, Belte joined the Children of God and, yes, he admits to being brainwashed. Who isn't? He washed all those deceiving ideas, those hundreds of mind trips, phony values and thousands of words right out of his mind. Cleaned house, completely. And started over again, from scratch. One book: the Bible. It's the whole truth and nothing but. And—here's the final irony, the ultimate confirmation—it was *so* easy. Just ask Jesus into your heart and It Is Done. You don't need money, or qualifications, or contacts, or special skills. Right now, if you want. Just ask.

Pavlov and the Age of Reason

The Children of God (COG) are the hardliners, the Jesus people the media cast as a bunch of brainwashing, hypnotizing, pied-pipering, glassy-eyed zombies who, in the last four years, ran off babbling 'bout "Jesus now" with a lot of nice young kids. While most of the weekend Jesus freaks closed their coffee houses and blended back into schools, jobs, families and churches, the Children of God stayed with it. They are different. Unlike the Guru Maharaj Ji's beatific "premies" or

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER SIMON

Tom Moore is an associate editor of NEW TIMES.

His survival knapsack ready to go, Belte can hardly wait for The End.

Korean Sun Myung Moon's straight-laced "moonies," the Children of God are into it—till The End. They don't own things, take jobs on the side, go to school, or live with their real families. All that has been forsaken.

Losing their kids to such a fanatical group, even in the name of Jesus Christ, naturally came as a shock to some parents. Others were simply amused when their kids hooked up with COG—after all, it was just another trip, the kids were doing their own thing. But then they realized it was hard to keep in touch. Letters they sent would come back unanswered. And what letters they did receive would sound childlike, silly, not the work of their own sons or daughters: "With love to Mommy on Mother's Day. The river of life and love pour freely through every open heart. So let God's glory be your song of praise. Happy Mother's day, Mommy. Cephas." This from a boy who attended St. George's prep school and went to Stanford.

Several parents filed missing persons reports and, with the help of the FBI and police, tried to track down their children. If they were lucky enough to find them—many COG kids were hidden or moved secretly to another place and some colonies were guarded by an elaborate network of sentries carrying guns and walkie-talkies—it turned out that "leaders" spoke for them. Their kids seemed to be in a daze, they spoke haltingly and showed no emotion except fear. Some screamed at their parents, calling them "devils." And when a father said he'd had enough and tried to pull his son out to the car, the son recoiled, moaning that he'd go to hell if he left, that he'd bleed to death.

And that was when the talk of brainwashing began, and hypnotism, and drugs—even hints of a dark, communist conspiracy. How else to explain this total transformation of their kids, this trip of trips? Certainly not just an old-fashioned religious conversion. These are the 1970s! Post-Nazi Germany, post-Korean War, post-Chinese torture and brainwashed prisoners of war—in short, post-Pavlov and his yelping, pain-conditioned dogs.

Enter Ted Patrick, kidnapper of kids, deprogrammer of Jesus freaks, Black Lightning as he likes to be called. His technique sounded a little heavy: getting parents to abduct their kid from a colony, locking the kid in a motel room for three days, berating the kid to "think for himself" until—sometimes—"the fever broke." The kids Patrick worked on often went through "relapses" and escaped back to the Children of God. But, the parents contend, at least he was doing something. At least he realized what was happening, that young kids' minds were being brainwashed, taken over and maybe damaged for the rest of their lives.

From a legal standpoint, the problem for the parents is that our present laws don't really take into account the possibility of brainwashing. Our legal system, inherited from the British and the Age of Reason, is based on the assumption of rationality. Only if someone commits an actual crime or is judged to be mentally incompetent can the law touch them. But, even if we admit that people can be conditioned by psychological methods, who is to judge if someone has been brainwashed, willingly or unwillingly, or is simply choosing a new way of life?

Stuart Beck, a young attorney representing a group of parents who recently filed a multimillion-dollar suit against COG in New York's Southern District Court, admits he has had to dig deep into the law books to build his case. The lawsuit charges, among other things, an incident of rape at a former COG colony in Ellenville, N.Y., the coercive detention of several of the parents' kids and, in general, that COG engages in "a conspiracy to frighten, harass, intimidate and damage children."

"There is no doubt," Beck says, "that our legal system has a built-in distrust of psychiatry. It has a lot of trouble with claims based on psychological as opposed to physical coercion. Nevertheless, enticement, coercion and duress, whether physical or psychological, have been held to be actionable in both civil and criminal contexts repeatedly. In the recent Houston homosexual murders case, the jury had a chance to look at a case where a kid claimed his part in the murders was a result of brainwashing by somebody else. The jury didn't buy it. But there was a case in New York a while back where a circus was held liable for luring away a sixteen-year-old."

Regardless, politically sensitive government agencies have been scared off from investigating COG or moving against them legally, largely because the American Civil Liberties Union has argued effectively on COG's behalf against the extreme measures of people like Ted Patrick (Patrick was recently convicted of kidnapping in Denver). As of this writing, only New York State has conducted any sort of thorough investigation into COG. While the final report will not be released until later this fall, an interim report was issued, finding, among other things: 1)

that the purpose of COG propaganda is to alienate a new disciple from family, school, church and society; 2) that COG condones premarital sex; 3) that new members must sign over all possessions and money to COG; 4) that obedience to Leaders is required, to the point, as some former COG members testified, "that if their Leaders were to command to kill, they would do so unquestioningly"; 5) that they engage in "deceitful public relations"; 6) that ex-COG members testified they were given indoctrination classes that constitute a "very subtle brainwashing"; and 7) they are taught to "spoil Egypt" and "rip off the system."

The understaffed Bureau of Charity Frauds, which carried out the investigation under the New York State Attorney General's Office, has so far refused to release any of the testimony or evidence it has gathered, "for reasons of confidentiality." The parents who cooperated with the investigation are now disgusted with what they consider to be its feeble results and have started to petition Congress for definitive hearings on COG.

All of this legal wrangling must bring a smile to the unphotographed face of Moses David, the elusive founder and prophet of the Children of God who, since the parents organized FREECOG against him, unincorporated his religious organization and fled to an unnamed mountaintop in Europe. He is unavailable, unsubpoenable and untouchable. But, like some kind of fundamentalist General Giap, he finds it easier and less risky to run his worldwide network of about 300 colonies—they say they have 4,000 to 5,000 members today and are growing fast—by sending out his biweekly Mo (for Moses) letters from seclusion. Like the Viet Cong, the Children of God struck once and, after a counterattack by enraged parents, retreated to wait for a more opportune moment. Which, they tell me, is now, just before The End. So today they are readying a Tet Offensive of the spirit. The plan is to work from within, picking off society's stragglers one by one, snatching bodies and, just as in the movie, replacing them with smiley, dedicated soldiers of Jesus. The last harvest is at hand. The big bumper crop of lost souls is ripe for reaping.

"If their Leaders were to command to kill," charges one ex-child of God, "they would do so unquestioningly"

Litnessing for the Lord

"Thank you, Lord. Good morning," intones an "undershepherd" named Napthali, leading the morning devotions at a colony of the Children of God, a white clapboard house hidden in a wooded area of Staten Island. It used to be a hunting lodge, but now the owner, an Italian real-estate man who believes in Jesus, has turned it over to the Children of God rent free. The "teams" are about to take off to the city to "litness," which means witnessing by handing out Mo's literature.

On the surface, there is nothing particularly heavy about these kids. Contrary to the slightly paranoid warnings of FREECOG parents, there are no drugs in the tea, no frightening "isolation chambers" where kids are reduced to mumbling vegetables, no intimidating attempts to force on-the-spot conversions. And yet, there is still something scary about the group: maybe it's the way the house is cut off from the rest of New York City by an improbable woods; the way they have hundreds of pins porcupined over a global map, representing their worldwide network of colonies; the month's supply of

The Children of God "family" at the Staten Island colony: happy Jesus freaks or brainwashed zombies?

A COG prayer circle: many thanks to Jesus, many pleas for miracles, much squeezing of hands.

dry goods they have stacked up in the basement. But mostly what is scary is the way these seemingly normal American kids shelter powerful fears and suspicions of supposed "enemies and devils," of the Unknown, percolating just beneath their cheery facades.

All 20 members of the commune hold hands in a circle,everybody smiling—you gotta be happy with Jesus.

"You guys all want to get out early today?"Napthali shouts.

Voices: "Yeah! We need to!"

Napthali: "There's a lot of hungry people out there!"

Voices: "Yeah! Thank you, Jesus!"

Napthali: "So Lord, really help us to be bright, alive and peppy this morning. Really help us to fulfill, Lord God. You've given it into our hands to feed your sheep, Lord, and we said if we love you, Lord God, we'll feed your sheep."

Voices: "Thank you, Jesus. Praise God!"

Belte: "Just be with us out there, Father God (Amen!), help us Lord to *die* today, Father God, to really get out there and to just get us so flipped out on your love and just love the people, Lord God (Hallelujah! Thank you, Lord!). Jee-e-sus, Lord God, just help us to be *happy* newsboys for thy kingdom, Father God (Amen!). Lord, do miracles, we pray Father God, in Jesus' name (Thank you, Jesus! Hallelujah! Praise God! Tongues)."

At 14th Street and 4th Avenue, Union Square, Manhattan, Napthali and Freedom, recently married, he from Michigan City, Ind., and she from Watertown, Mass., ask me to hold hands with them around a concrete waste container while they pray to God as to which street corner will be the most fruitful.

In a moment they are on a corner, getting out "the lit" to: young Puerto Rican kids in platforms and spangled T-shirts, retired Jews with time to kill, a couple of Arabs, old women with shopping bags, hippies in VW vans stopped at a light, a Long Island couple in an air-conditioned car. And surprisingly, the people reach into their pockets or onto their dashboards, and quarters and dimes, sometimes even dollars, start to come forth. Nobody seems to care what the literature is, just give the kids a quarter and get rid of them. God provides. Particularly through the blacks; particularly through the poor or hardworking; particularly through the teenagers. But your average godless late-20s hippy or young professional won't touch the stuff. Just another street hustle—like the Rev. Sun Myung Moon folks down the street with their neat cardboard tables, or the Socialist Workers Party girls with their petitions, or the Seventh-Day Adventists, or the National Labor Caucus crazies.

After a couple of hours on the street, 400 letters out and $40 in, we take a lunch break at Tad's Steak House. And I listen to the inevitable testimonial—the bleak and empty former life, the drugs and alcohol, the non-caring, status-seeking, money-hungry parents, and then, the overnight conversion.

"I couldn't understand why there was no love in the world," Freedom tells me. "I had this thing about you would try to love people and it just wouldn't work out. You just got more lost, nobody wants to give anything, everybody's taking."

Yes, and the drugs, and the psychiatrist, and the heavy movie, the handful of pills, the suicidal moment—when, suddenly, comes the voice of God, saying: "Put them away and tomorrow when you wake up everything will be fine, you will find what you're looking for." And then, of course, the next day's encounter with a beautiful, carefree angel from the Children of God: "It was a Sunday morning and she was walking up the street, and she had long hair and it was flowing in the breeze and she really looked free, she really looked happy, her face looked different." And then: "I prayed and asked Jesus into my heart and he just changed my whole life that day."

That's how it happens. Bingo, and you're in. Bingo, and then you're back out on the street, "getting out the lit." Freedom has stopped the archetypal New Yorker, the good-natured guy from Queens, maybe 55 or 60, with a grease spot on his shirt.

Freedom: "If you ask Him into your heart, He can place the Kingdom of God in your heart and teach you how to love."

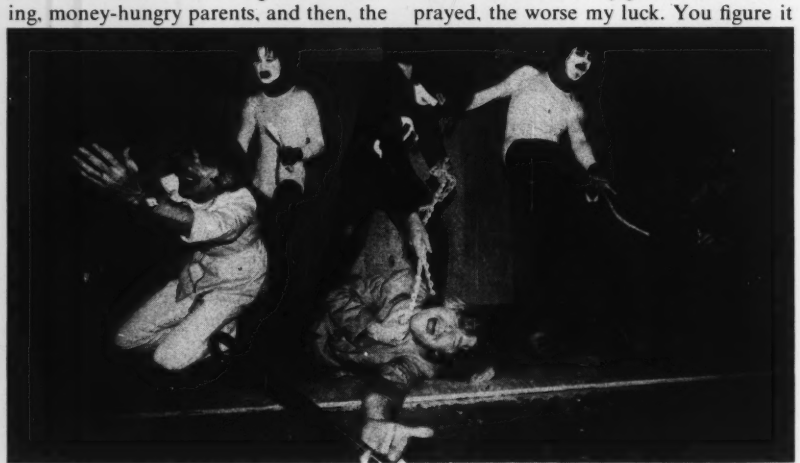
Guy: "Those are very nice words but . . ."

Freedom: "It's true, though. I tried it and it works. All you gotta do is ask. God will supply all your needs for ya."

Guy: "God wouldn't supply *my* needs. God doesn't have that much."

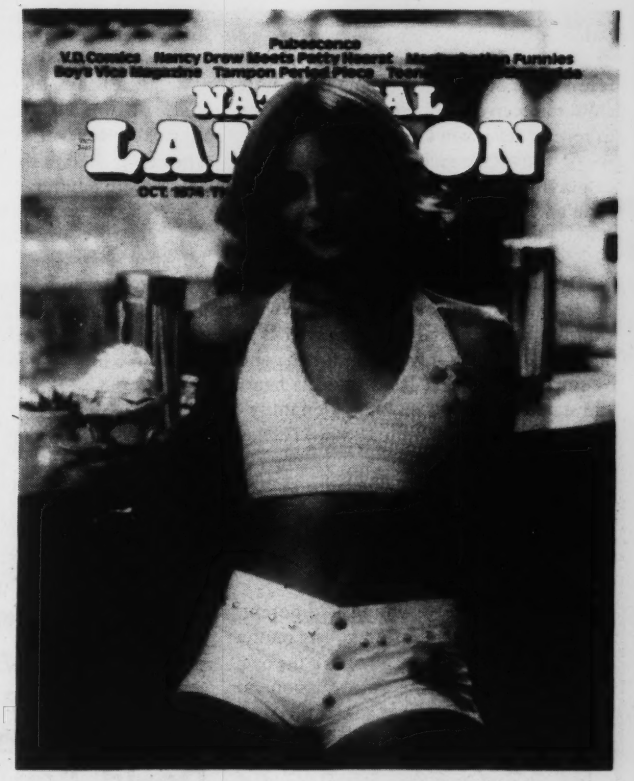
Freedom: "He luvs ya!"

Guy: "Aw c'mon. *C'mon*! Listen, I had a prayer book in my hands for years and it didn't do me any good. The harder I prayed, the worse my luck. You figure it



Apocalyptic skits are feature presentations at the COG discotheques.

In this less than perfect world, there is a less than perfect magazine- the National Lampoon®



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out."

Freedom: "He just wants you to receive it. You have to become like a little child to receive God, you gotta be a baby to receive love, you know."

Guy: "To receive love? After years of praying with all my heart and soul, He didn't want to help me. That proves He doesn't love me. He *hates* me!"

Of Fornication and False Prophets

Back at the colony a young Jewish kid from Brooklyn named Dana knocks at the locked doors. Only a month has gone by since Dana asked Jesus into his heart and started dropping in with "the family" on weekends to take Bible lessons. He has been on the brink of joining, forsaking everything—his clothes, his stereo, his plan to go to business school this fall, his rabbi, his parents. He has found a certain peace. He has said, "Yes, Jesus, I'm yours," and it has made him happy.

But today, everything is different. Dana is troubled. He sits nervously on the edge of the sofa, looking no one in the eye. Today, Dana has come on a mission: to denounce Moses David as a false prophet. Mo has this thing about sex and it doesn't sit quite right with Dana. He thought he had put all that behind him—dark impulses, masturbation, guilt, feeling his blood pound at the sight of bulging nipples under girls' T-shirts. He thought keeping his mind on Jesus might spare him those bewildering urges. He'd asked Jesus to save him, risked his parents wrath, his rabbi's scorn. He was trying to cope, on his own. But now, it turns out, this guy Moses David is actually fomenting sex! This guy Mo is saying to women, "C'mon Ma, burn your bra!"

In the last week, Dana has made a new friend, Richard, a leader in a Pentecostal sect. And Richard, who eyes the Children of God like the Jewish Defense League eyes the Soviet Embassy, has suggested to Dana that Mo comes on an awful lot like the devil himself. For the past week Dana hasn't slept. He has been going over passages in the Bible, noting down chapter and verse, stocking up on ammunition for the battle.

"Have you read any of these letters?" Dana asks me after we are introduced. "Like Revolutionary Sex, Mountain Maid. It's dealing really heavy with sex. It seems to me this Moses David has a sex hang-up."

There are only a few colony members on hand and they busy themselves cleaning up the paper plates from a late brunch, looking natural, like nothing's happening, and mostly pretending the heretic sitting on their couch is not there.

Dana continues, loudly. "And the Bible's definitely against it. The Bible says you shouldn't fornicate. In *Matthew* it says: "But I say unto you that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery."

No one responds.

"I ask then," Dana queries the near-empty room, "what does this mean?"

One member exits quickly upstairs to warn Leviticus, the colony shepherd.

"Moses David," Dana goes on, also seems to condone premarital sex and lesbianism—he definitely does not condemn it. I'm saying, as I loved you, I have come to talk to you, one to one, and show you how your teachings are so wrong, how you're devoting your life to Jesus and how Moses David is a *false* prophet and there's no doubt about that."

Dana is accompanied out the door. He had tangled with the devil and while he didn't come out clearly on top, he didn't come out on the bottom either. But he had touched upon a sticky question for these Children of God on Staten Island. Like Dana, before I went out there for a weekend stay, I had read Mo's "sex letters"—wherein he extolls the female breast as God's most beautiful creation, wherein he says sex is good, just what God had in mind for us, wherein he exhorts his followers to be "hookers for Jesus," wherein he says in so many words that fucking is like receiving Jesus. Naturally, I expected a lot of sexy people—maybe even an orgy. That's how it might be in the upper echelons, with Mo and his immediate court. But on Staten Island I found only a group of sweet, bubbly, unsexy, repressed adolescents who sleep in boys' and girls' dormitory rooms ("I guess I was always a wallflower," one girl told me). Only the married couples, all of them leaders, sleep upstairs in separate rooms and have any opportunity to get it on. But the "babes," the new disciples who form the majority, lead a puritanical existence, mostly work, and have very little free time for getting to know each other, much less have sex.

"We have a sexy God," says COG prophet Moses David, "and a sexy religion, and a very sexy leader. If you don't like sex, you better get out while you can"

"If you think there's something wrong with sex," a colony member, reading from a Mo letter, sermonizes, "that you should be ashamed of your body, then there's something wrong with God. . . . We have a sexy God, and a sexy religion, and a very sexy leader with an extremely sexy young following. So, if you don't like sex, you better get out while you can."

The Story of Mo

As it turns out, Mo, if not really a sexy leader, has been at least very much into sex. About 55 today, Moses David Berg, the son of two evangelists, started his own "soul winning ministry" back in the 1950s. A slight, dark man with a weak heart and drawling voice, Berg moved from city to city, from Miami to Louisville to Houston, witnessing to whomever he could find to listen. God provided for his prophet David Berg by lending him the good services of people like Mary Glassford. Sometimes these people gave David Berg food and lodging, sometimes it was a trailer for transportation, sometimes it was just money—but in Mary Glassford's case, it was more than money. She lent David Berg her own daughter Sarah. To Mary Glassford, David Berg seemed an upstanding man with a good wife, Jane, and four fine young children— Paul, Jonathan, Linda and Faith. Traveling with the Bergs would be a good missionary upbringing for her daughter.

During the '50s and early '60s, David Berg proved to be very small-time. Certainly no Oral Roberts or Billy Graham. And it troubled him mightily. If God had annointed him as his prophet, why hadn't his harvest of souls been greater? In the mid-'60s, however, he found an angle: youth, the demigods of the decade. Berg set up shop in Huntington Beach, Calif., called his group Teens for Christ and started working the campuses. His kids were enthusiastic, young Christian people. They came on like Pat Boone.

As the mood of the '60s turned sour, more radical, Berg kept in tune. Pat Boone's days were over. Jerry Rubin was in. Berg started to encourage militant acts—like having his son Paul (an unpredictable, somber kid who was killed last year in a mysterious mountain-climbing accident in Switzerland) throw "Warning Tracts" over the floor of Congress. Berg picked up on the political rhetoric of the '60s, giving it a fundamentalist twist, and started to preach strongly against the churches and the buildings and the system and America. He told his small following

A sampling of Mo's sex letters

You're such cute little fisby, so pretty! You roll those big eyes at them and you peck them with that pretty little mouth and you flirt all around them!—You wrap your pretty fins around them and you wiggle your little tail between their legs! They like it, and then they chase you, and you lure them right into my net and they don't even see it! They don't know I'm sitting there on the shore and I have hold of your line, and the minute they bite I haul 'em in! So pretty! They can't resist you! Little Sparkle Fish! The sun shining down is like God and His Love. It gives you an extra attraction!—You reflect it and sparkle!

A DISSERTATION ON MOUNTAIN PEAKS:—A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER'S ODYSSEY!

I am for the mini-blouse
Or the see-through at my house!
She is such a lovely thing!
To her mounts I love to cling!
I'm a mountin' man, my Honey!
Give me mountains for my money!
Though I oft explore her cave
It's on her mountains that I rave!
Let those mountains be more visible
And their clothing more divisible!
Undergirding, pillared column—
You can have your clothing solemn!
Flying buttress, deep crevass,
There is nothing like her ass!

But I'll show you something better
For a real attention-getter!
Set your mind on things above
That deep cavern that you love!
When I show my lovely miss
Which is why I'm writing this
I prefer the top to bottom:
Brother, she has really got 'em!
The bottomless is not amiss,
But topless heights I like to kiss!
Can't have one without the other,
Like a babe without its mother.
'Bove the bottomless abyss
Stand the mountains you can't miss!

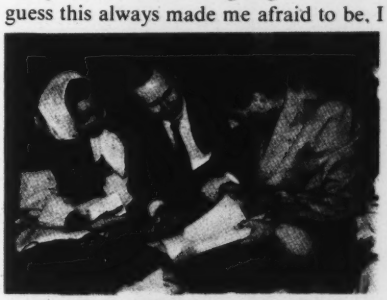
It's each peak so fascinating,
Makes my Love so titillating!
If you'd view ecstatic wonder
Tits like hers can make hearts thunder!
Top to bottom I'm no stranger
But I thrill to mountains' danger!
Top to bottom can be seen
Undulating curves between—
Up and down her tiny crater
Heaves and sighs whene'er I mate 'er!
Her volcano oft explodes
When we love in our abodes!
It's a holy hole indeed
And within I leave my seed.

to go where the hippies go, into the streets and parks. They encountered children, some only five years old, and chanted things at them like, "hate the system, hate the church, damn the system, damn the church." Berg's kids encouraged other teenagers to avoid the draft, rip off the system, "spoil Egypt."

Still, it didn't seem to catch on. In 1967 they traveled up to the Expo in Montreal where they were given free tickets to sing songs inside. But, at one point, Berg couldn't abide the indifference any longer and grabbed the microphone. As Mary Glassford tells it, he "started blasting America, blasting Canada, blasting the system, and, of course, the authorities just cut him off and put him out right away."

The Montreal trip was a turning point for Berg. Embittered and frustrated, he added another twist to his teachings—sex. And, according to the transcription of a tape-recorded statement by Mary Glassford's daughter Sarah, whom Berg married off to his son Paul at the age of 15, Berg practiced what he preached. (Sarah's statement was given to Aaron E. Klein, a New York attorney who in the past represented several FREECOG parents.)

Sarah: "David, at times, would try to get away with things with his own daughters, and he tried it with me when I was a little girl, but I was too young to really know what was going on. And I guess this always made me afraid to be, I was always frightened to be alone with him. . . . At times, David Berg, three or four years before my teens, he tried to have intercourse. Of course, I jumped up and ran, and things like this. . . . He'd never push it very far because I guess he was afraid I'd squeal. But once or twice he did make the attempt."



Libya's Col. Qaddafi, whom Moses David Berg praised as a "revolutionary leader," entertains two of Berg's children, Jonathan and Faith.

Q: "How far?"

Sarah: "To the point where he had his pants down."

Q: "Did he expose himself to you?"

Sarah: "Yes, but it was in the dark. And after I had married Paul there were several times when he tried to get me—he'd ask me—to go to bed with him. He said if I'd have his son's children, why couldn't I have his."

Q: "Where did this take place?"

Sarah: "All over the country, anywhere we were after Paul and I were married. Many, many times he told me that nobody would know the difference if it was his or Paul's."

Getting out the lit—and taking in millions of dollars in untaxable spare change.

Q: "What was your response?"

Sarah: "One time I slapped his face. The other times I would wiggle away from him and just get out. Just try to stay away from him as much as I could. But there were many times when he said it would be just our little secret."

Q "You never told this to your husband Paul?"

Sarah: "No. I had enough trouble with him as it was. He wouldn't have believed me anyway. Anything I'd tell him that was on a shaded side of anything that had happened, he would say I was lying and he would beat the living daylights out of me. . . ."

After the Expo, David Berg changed the name of his band to Revolutionaries for Jesus and led them on a three-year traveling crusade around the U.S., ending up in 1970 on a dirt farm in Texas owned by a former associate of his, a minor league California evangelist named Fred Jordan. The two evangelists, according to an associate of theirs, struck a deal: Berg would lend some of his kids, portraying themselves as saved drug freaks, to Jordan's television show in southern California; and Jordan would sponsor Berg's group under his organization, let them stay on his land in Texas and give Berg a certain sum of money.

The agreement proved profitable for both men. Berg's group, which set up headquarters at Jordan's Texas Soul Clinic on the farm, soon started to open up new colonies in other cities around the country. They attracted headlines wherever they went and the media dubbed them the Children of God. Berg thought the name had a predetermined ring to it, and it stuck. Their peak in popularity came soon after NBC ran a prime-time *First Tuesday* takeout on COG in 1970, praising them for turning kids off drugs and onto Jesus.

Despite the good publicity for COG, Jordan ended up making most of the money. The dramatic television testimonials by Berg's kids brought in sizable contributions to Jordan's program. Berg wanted a larger cut. Having made a futile attempt to set up a world headquarters in Israel—he was thrown out immediately—Berg wrote Jordan, according to their associate, that "he wanted to return and go on nationwide and worldwide television . . ., eliminate Fred Jordan's wife and all others, and split the take down the middle."

Jordan balked at Berg's proposal. Moreover, by this time, 1970-71, the media coverage of COG turned against them. Their agreement was dissolved and Berg hid out in Europe, "retiring from active service" because of heart problems and promising the second coming of the Children of God. Which, he said just before Kohoutek, is Right Now, 1974-1975. And so, the Children of God are on the move again. They've opened up discotheques in Houston, Toronto, London and Paris—just for starters. Their rock group, led by former Fleetwood Mac singer Jeremy Spencer, has cut a record: *Jeremy Spencer and the Children*. Outside the U.S., COG claims to have befriended the likes of the president of Costa Rica and his wife, and Libya's Col. Qaddafi. And they say they are taking Europe by storm, pioneering new colonies every day.

For the moment, however, "getting out the lit" seems to be the Children of God's principal activity and financial mainstay. Litnessing team members have quotas to meet each week—2,000 letters at an average of 10 cents each—and spend at least an hour each night adding up their "stats": how many letters they get out, how much money they take in (every penny must be accounted for down to subway fare), how many new converts and so on. If they reach their quota or do better than the others, they are listed as "shiners" and get their name and stats published in an intercolony gazette. If they fall below the quota, they are to feel ashamed, "convicted by God" for the poor showing.

The money, they are told, is essen-

tial for the maintenance of their needs and particularly the needs of the colonies abroad. At present, the Children of God print Mo letters in just about every language and distribute them on street corners around the world. Contrary to the common assumption of most FREECOG parents, COG derives most of its money from litnessing and not from kids who forsake their few possessions.

To be sure, there are cases of large individual contributions, such as an Italian count who deeded over his vineyard just outside of Florence, Italy. There are some parents who, either out of genuine charity or a kind of blackmail by their kids, send money to COG. But when you add up the take from litnessing, you realize it's more than enough to support in style the most corrupt of false prophets. On an average, from what I saw, each member gets out his or her quota of 2,000 pieces of literature a week at an average of 10 cents each. That's about $200 a week—more than a lot of kids their age earn as mechanics or secretaries or even reporters. The Staten Island colony, one of the most profitable for litnessing, gets out up to 40,000 Mo letters a week, taking in about $4,000. That adds up to $200,000 a year. To be conservative, about half that goes for printing costs and colony support, such as food and clothing. The other half, or $100,000, goes abroad, where the leadership decides how to spend it. If all of the 300 colonies around the world did as well as the one on Staten Island, that would mean the total take going abroad into central headquarters would amount to about $30 million annually. A more realistic appraisal, however, would put the European headquarters' net take at about half that, or $15 million a year.

That's a lot of untaxable spare change. And only God—and maybe Moses David—knows where it all goes.

After my weekend on Staten Island, Belte and Lena, a young French Canadian girl from a small rural village in Ontario, spend a week at my apartment. They get up at 8:00 each morning to litness and come back around 9:00 in the evening. They have good days and then, like anyone else, they have bad days. They both eat well, drink some wine, play guitars, talk Jesus, add up their stats for the day. When we question them too hard, Lena retreats into her room to read the Bible. One night Lena shows us some pictures of her family, but then the next day she comes back to tell us it was a bad idea to do that. All day she has not been able to stop thinking about her family, and such thoughts are obviously the work of the devil. Nevertheless, it is clear on some nights, when they return exhausted from their long hours and thousand approaches to indifferent New Yorkers, that what they do is not too much fun. In fact, the more they laugh at "systemites and their nine-to-five jobs," the more their strict nine-to-nine litnessing seems patently absurd.

"God puts us through tests sometimes," Belte explains, evincing a strained cheerfulness. "We'll go through maybe a half hour without getting out one piece of literature. Then I pray to God and ask Him why, if we're doing His work, He won't make people listen. God could just zap everyone if He wanted to, just save everybody all at once. But He wants to test us. So I ask Him to do a miracle. And then, bing, bing, bing, all of a sudden I hit ten people in a row. God always does that."

What happens, I ask Belte, if the world doesn't end tomorrow or next year? "Oh, it's going to happen," he says. "It's gotta happen. There've been too many signs."

And Mo apparently hasn't missed a one. The second nation of Israel, as prophesied, has been created—1948, right? And many world leaders have fallen—de Gaulle, Brandt, Meir, Ho Chi Minh and now, finally, Nixon. Right in the middle of August, just as Mo said. Kohoutek, right? A blazing comet would come to warn us. Earthquakes—there have been more in the last 20 years than in the rest of time combined. The collapse of the economy, right? The stock market has dropped below 700. Drought. Famine. Revolutions and reactionary coups.

Just around the corner, as Belte tells it—he's not saying tomorrow, although it could be tomorrow—in the next few years, God's final judgment, his wrath, his seven angels with seven plagues, will be visited down upon us. The ball game will be over and Belte's here to tell us there won't be another one.

"Still," I press Belte again, "how long can you go on doing this? What if you become 35 and the world's just going along in its same bumbling way?"

Belte obviously does not like to think about this question. His face, already drawn from a hard day, takes on a tiredness beyond his 20 or 22 years. He looks, for a moment, as if he were already 35. He has committed the little he had in the way of possessions and all he has in the way of energy, which seems boundless. But when a gambler puts his last chips down on odd at the roulette table and ponders the possibility of even, it can be a sobering moment.

"Well," he answers quietly, "then I'd have to say we were wrong."

He smiles quizzically at me. "But it's going to happen all right." ●

Armageddon before the storm: two COG members on their way to work.

Welcome home, deserters!

Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Ind.—It's only a couple of hundred yards from the perimeter of the fort to the Snafu Bar, just across the railroad tracks intersecting Post Road. Outside, the neon marquee announces UNDER NEW COMMAND. Inside, it's always happy hour. The Snafu is where most of the men from the post, the administrative headquarters of the U.S. Army, gather to drink, shoot pool, play pinball and look at Joyce's legs. Joyce, the teasing den mother of Ft. Ben, is the dark-haired girl in minidress behind the bar who moves and sits in just the right way to keep a steady flow of men glued to the bar stools.

Ft. Ben is the processing center for all Army deserters and the sentiment among the lifers stationed at the base is, to put it mildly, a bit mixed.

While Charlie Rich wails from the Snafu jukebox, a sergeant with a pockmarked face and a beer belly is about to take a shot at the eight ball. He's winning, so he is willing to talk. "I had buddies come home from Nam in a bag. I can't believe they want to put 'em [the deserters] on a base with enlisted men. But if they had a religious conviction, maybe they got a leg to stand on." A chunky officer drinking from two beer bottles and slowly losing a bowling pinball game says he has "no fuckin' comment while in this uniform." A couple of beers later, between eyeing the puck he shoves down the game board and licking his fingers, he notes, "But some of those sons of bitches ought to be castrated."

WELCOME TO FORT HARRISON INDIANA
INFORMATION
POSTED SPEED LIMITS STRICTLY ENFORCED BY USE OF ELECTRONIC DEVICES.
NO CANVASSING OR SOLICITING PERMITTED.
NO HUNTING OR FISHING.
ALL RECREATIONAL OR RETAIL FACILITIES ARE FOR THE SOLE USE OF AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.
ALL PERSONS AND VEHICLES ENTERING THIS MILITARY RESERVATION ARE SUBJECT TO SEARCH(AR 210-10).
UNAUTHORIZED USERS OR TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

At the bar Joyce is lighting the cigarettes of several patrons still clustered around her perch on a bar stool. Staring through the flame of her lighter, she gives each a wink and submits that deserters make her stomach turn. "If I knew there was one in here," she quips, "I'd vomit."

Less than a quarter of a mile away, Major J. T. ("Tom") Kallunki sits in his military grey office, his shaved head glowing in the geometry of sunbeams filtering through half-opened Venetian blinds. "We're writing the book on this one as we go." He nods toward one of several military plaques on his wall. It reads "learn to do by doing." His desk is a patchwork of note pads, documents, stacks of files and an irritably ringing telephone. "We had a call from a station in Winston-Salem that wanted to know how many deserters were from their area. I don't even know how many deserters there are for the whole Army."

Records of every enlisted man are stored in the miles of file cabinets at Ft. Ben. There is a special section of ENLISTED MEN RECORDS CENTER for deserters. "This is all I've got to go on," Kallunki says, fanning a three-inch document, the proceedings of the Calley trial, indexed military fashion. "And the fact that amnesty has been granted 20 times since July of 1795." For a week now, a constant stream of interrogators has been invading his office or ringing his phone. In response, Kallunki shovels into the papers on his desk and fires off a machine gun-like litany of answers: "Yes, their families can visit them at Camp Atterbury [a former military post now used for national guard training some 60 miles away]. The roof leaks at Atterbury, but we'll fix that. They may be entitled to back

pay. We don't know yet."

Says State Police Department Superintendent Bob Debard, "We expect demonstrations. Some of these people are felons and they could create problems. We didn't want this job, but we'll do it." A map on Debard's wall in the State Office Building shows the routes the deserters could take. "It's a military operation. We only provide support."

But Debard is worried. The sentiment in southern Indiana near Camp Attebury runs high against deserters. Debard worries that hordes of demonstrators and members of families and armed American Legionnaires will descend on quiet southern Indiana and do battle. Already, the verbal volleys have been fired. From the national headquarters of the American Legion, located in downtown Indianapolis, the national commander has warned: "Bringing deserters back is a disgrace. If Indiana wants 'em, you're welcome to 'em." The Indiana Ku Klux Klan has protested, "There is not room in this country for cowards."

President Ford's tone of conciliation aside, armed MPs will be posted at the Indianapolis bus station, Weir-Cook airport and the train depot. Radio spots will advise hitchhiking, homeward-bound deserters to report to a nearby law enforcement agency. The military bureaucracy reasons it will need four days per man to properly "process" the estimated 12,500 deserters. According to Major Kallunki, once they turn themselves in, they will revert back to Army control. "They will be confined to camp," he says "but they won't be prisoners. That's what Ford wants and he's the new commander in chief."

—By Tom Cochrun

Strawberry Fields forever

Boston, Mass.—The Bradford used to be one of Boston's finest hotels. Now it's on the edge of the Combat Zone: a couple of blocks away there are porn shops and white-suited pimps making their game. Inside at the Bradford now is the world's first Beatles anniversary convention. A big banner across the ballroom shouts, "Magical Mystery Tour."

Joe Pope is the organizer of the Mystery Tour. He's been publishing a Beatles newsletter for a couple of years now, and he spent a year getting ready for this convention. He wanders around in top hat, tuxedo and T-shirt. The T-shirt sags with the weight of five or six buttons saying things like "I love the Beatles," "Strawberry Fields Forever" and "Apple."

Last night there was a concert/dance with a band that could imitate any song the Beatles ever sang. Tonight there will be rare old movies of the Beatles. But this afternoon, after an auction of Beatles memorabilia racked up two hundred bucks for a mint copy of the famous "Butcher Block" album cover, Joe is getting ready to introduce his main man: Murray the K, "the Fifth Beatle," is coming to deliver something like a keynote address.

Somebody goes by with a "Murray the K Fan Club" button on. Then Murray the K himself comes in. He's wearing a cream-colored, Western embroidered shirt, airplane glasses and not very long hair. He doesn't exactly look like what's happening, but once he was, and he gets a big hand.

Murray says he's got this motto that comes from a song George Harrison wrote: "You don't get time to hang a sign on me." Once, he says, there were these nine- or 10-year cycles for the great pop music movements: from Jazz to Swing to Sinatra to Elvis to the Beatles. But now its been 10 years and there's nothing new: the Beatles were just so super that there's no one to rival them—"nor will there ever be."

The fifth Beatle: Murray the K.

That really gets the applause of the audience. But now its time for the latest Beatles gossip.

"In New York City right now visiting John is a fellow by the name of Paul McCartney," Murray the K says. (Great applause.)

"Yeah, last night they went out to dinner together. And there's talk of the two of them getting together and writing a couple of songs together." (More applause, anticipation.)

"But I better lay the big bummer on you right away." (Pregnant pause.) "There is no chance—I repeat, *there is no chance*—that we will see the Beatles back together again soon." (Widespread boos of disbelief mingled with more polite groans.)

"Now John has seen Yoko." (Interested oo's.)

"Gave her some money and split." (Laughter.)

Yoko is "Rasputin in drag," he says. Ringo's divorce is imminent. Paul and Linda are still getting it on fine. And so on. Finally Murray warms to his big story, the story he'll always tell, of how he became the Fifth Beatle.

Murray the K, you'll remember, went out to Kennedy to meet the Beatles when they first came to America and he got close enough up front at the press conference to cop a personal interview with George—live on the radio.

"And George says, 'Hey fellows, this is Murray the K,' and they all look over, and this CBS cameraman in the back yells out, 'Hey, tell Murray the K to cut the crap'—this is how Tom Wolfe wrote about it anyway—and George says—he leans down—says, 'Hey Murray the K, cut the crap.' Well, finally what happened was George says, 'We're staying at the Plaza and we'd like you to come over.'

"So I went on over to the Plaza and saw all these other jocks standing out front of the room. Edwin Newman was there, you know, and all these heavy dudes, trying to get in, man. And by this time, you know, I was realizing how this phenomenon was real, man, and what was more, it was getting more unreal all the time.

"I got close and I remember seeing Harry Reasoner over on my right and I just walked over to the guard and said—not expecting anything to happen—said under my breath to the guard, 'I'm Murray the K.' And he said, 'Oh yeah, go right on in.'

"And you know I got into this whole rap with 'em and finally I said, 'Well, I gotta split 'cause I gotta do my show.' And one of 'em says, 'Why don't you do it from here?' And they made me call over to the station and get it hooked up and I did the first two and a half hours of the show from there.

"Well, after that, of course, I did all kinds of things with them and that's a whole other story. Like some of the weird things: one time I remember how we had to leave the Deauville in Miami in a refrigerator truck so the kids wouldn't see us. Oh, and once one day on the first tour they said, 'Could you get us some albums of this guy Dylan?' and I said, 'Who?' But then a year before that I'd never heard of *them* either. . . ."

—By Phil Patton

ILLUSTRATION BY NICHOLAS GAETANO

The Trashing of America

The beverage and container companies of the U.S. have perpetrated a great hoax— the notion that recycling will save America from being buried in its own litter

By Roger NevilleWilliams

"You can't buy a can that we can't recycle," announce the can manufacturers in full-page newspaper ads. "At $200 a ton, some solid waste is too valuable to be wasted—Aluminum: Pass It On," says Alcoa. "And the Cans Keep Marching In," proclaims Reynolds Aluminum across two pages in *Newsweek,* claiming success for their recycling centers. Just about every aluminum can you buy these days, and you are buying more than ever before, will remind you in small earnest lettering to "Please Recycle," and that the "All-Aluminum Can" you are holding and intending to throw away is made of "Recyclable Aluminum."

The environmentalists call this ecopornography, a slick $10-million advertising campaign by the steel, glass, aluminum and container industries, along with the national soft-drink bottlers and brewers, to convince Americans that recycling, or, as industry likes to call it, "resource recovery," is the way to reduce litter, save energy and solve the environmental problems created by throwaway bottles and cans. They want to "keep America beautiful" by recycling the 60 billion bottles and cans that Americans throw away each year.

Alcoa's latest contribution to the burgeoning ecopornography is a colorful magazine advertisement telling you that "your next can of beer may have been a Coors can that was a Falstaff can that was a Carling can." Chances are, however, it wasn't. Fewer than 15 percent of all aluminum cans produced each year are recycled. According to the Aluminum Association, only one in seven aluminum beverage and beer cans came back for recycling last year, while some 10 billion ended up as litter or trash.

The statistics on nonreturnable bottles and steel cans are even worse—over 100 billion went into the garbage last year, 60 billion of them one-way beverage containers. And what happens to them then? Not even 1 percent of municipal wastes in the United States is recycled. Very little glass gets recycled, since there are only 100 glass-container redemption centers in the entire country. And despite what the can makers say in their ads, there is no great drive to recycle steel cans. Most steel beverage containers have aluminum flip-top lids, rendering them *un*recyclable by any method because the aluminum contaminates the steel. A small percentage of the annual steel-can production is used as scrap in copper smelting, but none is made into steel again because of the tin lining. As for aluminum, in 1973, 1.6 billion cans were returned to Kaiser, Alcoa and Reynolds for recycling. But these companies, along with the container manufacturers, increased production of aluminum beverage cans during the same year *by 3.4 billion*—from 8.2 billion in 1972 to 11.6 billion in 1973. Thus, even with recycling, the number of aluminum beverage cans ending up as litter or garbage is increasing by 20 percent a year. America has been trashed good.

Like a city caught downwind of its own municipal burning, Americans in the late '60s were jerked into environmental consciousness and there was serious concern about the midden heap of throwaway

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Free-lance journalist Williams last reported for NEW TIMES *on Army deserter Eddie McNally (Exile on Main Street, May 3, 1974).*

ILLUSTRATION BY NICHOLAS GAETANO

packaging that would mark our civilization forever. Environmental concern was the order of the day. Paul Ehrlich published his famous vision of doom, "Ecocatastrophe," in 1969, and in 1970 students in California buried a car as a symbol of waste, while young people elsewhere collected truckloads of one-way beverage containers and dumped them on Coca-Cola executives' lawns.

The beverage and container people, trying to look like good guys, began allotting small sums to struggling environmental groups that sponsored voluntary recycling programs. Environmental Action Coalition in New York organized a "Trash Is Cash" neighborhood recycling program, and "public service grants" from Pepsico and Coca-Cola help pay EAC's bills. Alcoa put together a nationwide chain of "Yes We Can" Voluntary Reclamation Projects.

"Of course, the industry loves recycling and loves to have citizens do it for them for free," says Pat Taylor, a Washington, D.C., environmental lobbyist, "but people are now beginning to see that recycling isn't the answer to the throwaway beverage container problem. The answer is legislation that would effectively ban the throwaway or drive it off the market altogether." The Sierra Club and other citizens' environment groups are now pulling out of Keep America Beautiful, Inc., the beverage and container industry's front group, having learned that KAB testified in California against proposed legislation that would ban throwaways in that state.

Environmentalists in Oregon were the first to see the light. Instead of falling for the recycling hoax, they put their energies into creating the country's first law banning flip-top lids and placing mandatory 5¢ deposits on all beverage containers. Two years since the bill became law, the nonreturnable beverage container has disappeared from the state. According to a recently completed study by two University of Oregon professors, Charles Gudger and Jack Bailes, the result has been a 96 percent reduction in the number of beverage containers ending up as litter and solid waste—which, says Gudger, "is 385 million fewer containers in trash and litter in just one state."

Glass and can manufacturers lost $4 million, but brewers and soft-drink bottlers enjoyed, to their amazement, an $8 million increase in profits. The brewers, who along with the can and glass companies and the soft-drink bottlers sued the state—and lost—had predicted a decline in beer sales severe enough to bankrupt their Oregon operations. But beer sales have increased 1.5 percent since the law took effect. Although one container manufacturer was forced to close operations, only four ex-can company employees have drawn unemployment in the state of Oregon since the law went into effect.

Twenty states have introduced ban-the-throwaway legislation, but Vermont is the only other state where a "bottle bill" has been passed and put into effect. Donald Webster, of the Vermont Natural Resources Commission, says the industry spent upwards of six figures in its lobbying effort against the state legislation. Webster says the bill has been successful: "There is a marked decrease in roadside litter. The stores are getting a 95 percent return on containers, which compares with a 15 percent return during past recycling efforts."

But despite the environmentalists' victories in Oregon and Vermont, the environment and the public are losing the battle in the rest of the country. In the four years since Earth Day, according to the Environmental Action Coalition in Washington, D.C., cans have captured 10 percent more of the American soft-drink market. New York, which produces more garbage than London and Tokyo combined, is now a 100 percent throwaway market. You can't buy anything in a returnable container in New York today. Since 1960, New York's population rose only 1.5 percent, but garbage production increased 42 percent. Coca-Cola has drastically reduced its returnable market across the country. In Denver, as well as in New York, your "Friendly Coca-Cola Bottler" has instituted a total aluminum can distribution system. Sales of beer in one-way containers, which by 1970 already controlled 80 percent of the market, continue to increase. Why? Profit.

If the beverage industry were converted entirely to returnable containers, the energy saved would supply the electrical needs for Washington, D.C., Pittsburgh, Boston and San Francisco for five months

The president of Coca-Cola, J. Lucian Smith, speaking before a Senate committee on territorial franchises last year, said proudly, "Coke sold in food stores in nonreturnable packages sells for 30 percent to 40 percent more than Coke sold in returnables."

While a few stockholders have profited, 210 million Americans have not. It is hard to say which has profited us least, roadside litter or municipal trash. The National League of Cities surveyed 133 cities last year and discovered that nearly half of them would run out of refuse landfill capacity in one to five years. The Federal Environmental Protection Agency says beverage containers are the most rapidly growing segment of all municipal waste. In Detroit the sanitation department reports that it spends $4,000 a day collecting and disposing of bottles and cans. It costs New York City 30¢ to pick up *one* littered throwaway container.

But it is litter along roads, in parks and on beaches that is the saddest testimony to what Oregon Senator Mark Hatfield calls our "flip-top, snap-tab throwaway society." Last year I interviewed three girls who were riding horseback from New York to California. Sunburn, forage for their animals, high-speed trucks were not problems that bothered them. What affected them most, physically and aesthetically, they said, was roadside garbage. Their horses not only cut their feet on broken nonreturnables at a cost of one permanently lame horse, but they were sickened by their discovery that America was one vast garbage dump from coast to coast. "When you drive along in a car you don't notice it, but for 2,000 miles we've had a horse's-eye view, traveling at the speed of a horse's walk, of the litter problem in this country. It's far worse than anything we ever imagined. It's really disgusting," Debbie Parker told me. Even when they rode 40 feet from the highway, they couldn't avoid the cans and bottles. What will amaze future generations, if we're lucky enough to be ancestors to anybody, is that when they examine those cans and bottles they will find cryptic messages printed or impressed thereon: "Please Don't Litter," and "Please Recycle," and "Recyclable Aluminum."

Coors Brewing Co. of Colorado, the first company to put beer in an aluminum can and stamp "Recyclable Aluminum" on the outside, runs a reasonably successful recycling program in 11 western states. It is used as an example by the aluminum people that recycling works. Coors claims that 36 percent of their aluminum output is returned. However, they also collect the aluminum cans of Coke, Miller's, Budweiser, Hamm's, Falstaff. Rainier and Olympia—companies that do not have active recycling programs

After a 1970 rock festival in Michigan: a vision of our future?

like pollution-conscious Coors. Like a good Colorodan, William Coors hates litter and helps beautify Colorful Colorado with huge bill-boards all over the state advertising his beer . . . and the Coors recycling program that will pay half a cent each for aluminum cans.

It is the intrinsic value of aluminum itself ($200 a ton for scrap) that Alcoa and Reynolds push in their ads, such as the one with a photo of a supermarket beverage department and the caption, "You're looking at a high grade aluminum mine." With sales of aluminum sheet and containers to the big brewers and bottlers increasing by 25 percent a year, the powerful aluminum industry and container manufacturers will continue to push recycling for everything it's worth.

The container and beverage industry's allies against a ban on throwaways include organized labor. The steelworkers, aluminum workers and glassblowers fear for their jobs. But where was organized labor when the brewing industry phased out 11,200 jobs between 1958 and 1967 while sales increased 5 percent annually? And where will labor be if Coca-Cola has its way and by 1980 is able to substitute 900 franchised bottling plants with 78 centralized production centers? Nevertheless, last fall the AFL-CIO convention passed a resolution opposing any throwaway ban.

Sidney Mudd, a 7-Up executive and vice-president of the National Soft Drink Association, in true scare-tactic fashion, told New York City Councilman Monroe Cohen, who has sponsored a bottle bill, "The beverage and brewing industry will leave New York if such a law is passed." In an internal memo to its employees, Continental Can claims that a ban on one-way beverage containers would "eliminate 164,000 well-paying jobs, reduce personal income in the United States nearly $3 billion, and reduce the gross national product by $10 billion." The circular urges employees to "support resource recovery and oppose mandatory container refunds."

With such forces aligned to push recycling and resource recovery while opposing "restrictive packaging legislation," the prospects of any industrial states following in the legislative footsteps of Oregon and Vermont are slim. But there may be another solution. After the madness of 14 no deposit-no return years, the federal government has finally decided to take a stand on the throwaway issue. John R. Quarles, deputy administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, spoke for the Nixon administration on May 6 and 7 in Washington at Senate Commerce Committee hearings on the Hatfield "bottle bill" and *endorsed* the idea of a federal law banning throwaway bottles and cans. Ironically, America's first disposable President favors an end to the disposable beverage container.

Senator Hatfield's "Nonreturnable Beverage Container Prohibition Act" is based on the 1972 Oregon legislation. It would place a 5¢ deposit on all beverage containers sold in the United States, but only 2¢ on standardized refillable bottles that could be used by more than one company (like Canada's national returnable beer bottle). The bill, like the Oregon law, outlaws the pull-tab opener.

Senator Hatfield, testifying on behalf of his bill, told the committee in May, "I know opponents of our bill will stream before this hearing and predict a worse depression than the 1930s if Congress bans throwaways . . . the Oregon legislature heard the same dire predictions. If our legislature had believed the claims of the bill's opponents, there would have been no Oregon 'bottle bill.'"

Quarles' and Hatfield's argument for banning throwaways is based not on the litter problem nor on the municipal solid-waste crisis but simply on *energy*. In the end, energy will be the clincher. Bruce Hannon, Prof. of Engineering at the University of Illinois Center for Advanced Computation, reports in an analysis of the beverage industry that "the energy required to deliver a unit of beverage to the consumer is about three times more in throwaway glass containers than in returnable bottles or [steel] cans," while "aluminum cans are 38 percent more energy intensive than steel cans." (Aluminum is one of the most expensive metals there is to produce.) Figuring total production costs at all levels, the report concludes, "If the beverage industry were converted entirely to returnable containers . . . *the energy savings in 1970 would have supplied the total electrical needs for Washington, D.C., Pittsburgh, San Francisco and Boston for about five months.*" That was four years ago—before the energy crisis.

John Quarles said at the Senate hearings that beverage-container production in 1972 resulted in the use of 6 million tons of glass, 1.6 million tons of steel and 575,000 tons of aluminum. Forgetting the huge waste in resources, the cost in energy could have heated 2.5 million homes. Producing 60 million throwaway containers every year requires the amount of energy provided by 2 billion gallons of gasoline . . . which means a waste of 279,000 barrels of oil a day. But the country can afford it, since we're saving nearly 200,000 barrels of oil a day with the national 55 mph speed limit.

A recent Advertising Council public service announcement on network television says, "One way to save energy would be to close our schools. There's a better way. Don't be fuelish." There's even a *better* way. Ban the no deposit-no return beverage container. ●

Evel Is Dead

But, as a work of conceptual art His leap was magnificent. Oh well. Art is long, life is short

By Bill Cardoso

Evel Knievel plunged into the Snake River Canyon moments after being launched by a steam-driven missile in his attempt to jump it. But the parachute that was to have lowered the cyclist to the other side slowed his descent into the 600-foot deep Idaho canyon, and he was quickly rescued.

—Wall Street Journal, Sept. 9, 1974

What do they know, that's all they wrote! I was There. Snake River Canyon or Bust. Me and maybe 10,000 others, slapping grandchildren on knees in times future, recalling the century's greatest Conceptual Art event. Memory will blunt, so let's just plunge in.

Tom Rauckhorst, 21, Akron, O plunged in. He dove 200 feet from the south side of Shoshone Falls—that's a mile down the Snake from the Official Evel Knievel Harley-Davidson Mack Truck Bucyrus-Erie Chuckles-Nabisco Patriotic Launch Ramp—on a Friday, two days before Evel popped his own dive.

Rauckhorst, with three broken vertebrae, lived. Evel, with just a few scratches, didn't. Rauckhorst the imitator; Evel the exemplar. They cheered Rauckhorst and threw beer cans at him as he disappeared in the foaming pool below. They threw beer cans at Evel, too when he resurrected briefly.

There is no record of beer cans being hurled at Cherokee Harry when he jumped the falls. Was that because Harry dove from the north side? Or because he jumped in 1905? When that historic half-breed turned three somersaults in his well-oiled descent of 235 feet, he tore a kneecap and collected a $25 bet. He died nine years later in Boise, a pauper. Had there been a Top Rank, Inc., then, Cherokee Harry might have been a closed-circus TV presentation. Ideal Toy might have marketed a diving doll in his likeness. Had Harry come along now, he might have been one of the openers for Top Rank on the Evel Knievel presentation, as were the Sensational Parker, the Great Manzini, the Surviving Wallendas, Gil Eagles and Bobby Riggs. Yet again, Top Rank might have told Harry no soap, as they told Benny "Boom Boom" Koske, the Human Bomb, who traveled 2,500 miles and pleaded for three days.

In the end, Knievel fared no better than Rauckhorst or Harry, as the *Wall Street Journal* reported. And in the end, it matters not that the most spectacular stunt of the century was an aerodynamic flop. It is of no import that the theaters of North America were empty, that the live gate came from 10,000 or so people and not the predicted 50,000. That is to miss the point; the point being that it took place at all; the deeper meaning being that it established Knievel not as King of the Daredevils but as King of the Conceptual Artists; the deepest meaning being that it shoved that pussy Christo under the sheets where he belongs. It was, as Evelpersons say, outtasite. Let's go:

Jan's Lounge on Falls Avenue, two miles from the launch site, in Twin Falls (hereinafter "Twin," as the Potatoes call their city of 22,000 in the high desert), 30 or so hawgs are parked in front, many of their owners (One Percenters, as they're known) pissing into the night highway.

What do you think of Evel Knie-

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

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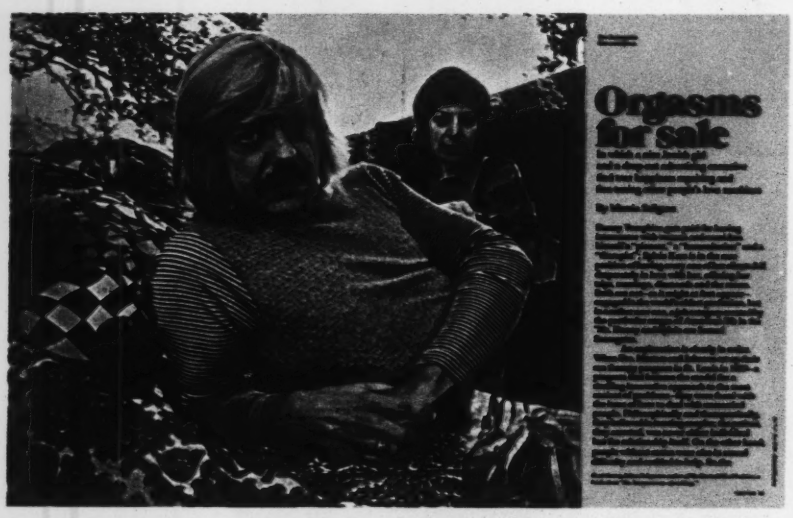

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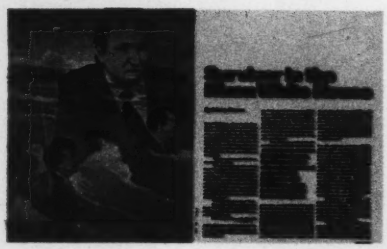

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up money in the Mexican sun. Studs Terkel on truck drivers, their feelings of betrayal, and their new forms of protest. Pete Hamill on the opening of the $107-million Las Vegas palace

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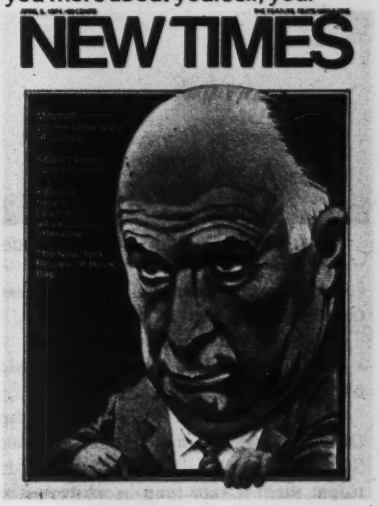

friends, and what's really going on in this country today. A big promise, but one we'd like to live up to, starting with the very next issue.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Up on her Fat Man, The Quaalude Queen drones over and over, "I want Evel." Fat Man shouts: "We're going crazy."

vel's chances? a reporter asks the road captain of the Lost Soul Nomads.

"Fook'm in the ass."

(That became a favored expression of the press.)

In dining room of Blue Lakes Inn, Official Evel Knievel Headquarters. Steaks arrive. Would need Outlaw's shiv to cut them. Crazy man in white suit arrives at table. He chef. Arrive of own volition. Very manic, flitting table to table. Come back and say dinner is free because steak is impossible. I salute chef and buy him a martini. Turns out to be Tony Guanche, old neighbor from Las Palmas (Canary Islands). Chef moves to next table (which proves bad mistake). Wells Twombly of S.F. *Examiner* explodes in proper Knievellian wrath. "Out!" he rages. "Get back in the kitchen where you belong—and do your job! No excuses! Get me a hamburger!" I give chef high sign in Spanish, tap middle digit right hand against right temple, point forefinger left hand at Twombly. Chef understands Spanish, splits. I move across street to Holiday Inn, former Official Cocktail Lounge and Headquarters (until Officially Marketed National Folk Hero refused to pay bar tab; hence Holiday Inn refuses to acknowledge His presence; marquee says "Welcome Miss Rodeo America . . ." whereas all other marquees in Twin wish "Good Luck Evel"). Meet N.Y. Newspaperman in defrocked cocktail lounge. Has lots of white powder for nose, says it is crystallized steam; am very impressed with his *steam* Training Table for nose. Talk is of steam rocketry and so forth. N.Y. Newspaperman also claims to have steam-driven typewriter. Very pleased with way own Training Table coming and call it a night. Have 45-mile drive ahead, to Ramada Inn, Official Press Corps Motel, in Burley (Potato Processing Capital of the World; site of World's First Safeway Store). Why? Evel's idea, Top Rank says. Evel holds press to bosom like Knixon (tip of the Hatlo Hat to Herb Caen for that one). Must have plenty of Training Table, keep up strength for these trips.

ABC-TV is blasting one-hour special, *One Man, One Canyon*, into motels of America. It is knawful; what blather! Unconscionable departure from journalism. Jules Bergman, you shill! Out! Get out! Out of here! ABC-TV is Official Evel Knievel House Network. Later tonight they will beam the George Hamilton movie, Official Evel Knievel Screen Biography. Himself is on tube, telling Bergman:

"The highest, the longest jump in history . . . that one I will not have to look forward to doing again . . . this tractor and trailer is the longest, the greatest, in the world . . . cost me over $91,000 to build it. It has draft beer, a love seat . . . I have made love to 600 women. . . ."

Evel is concerned with people "cashing in" and making money off His name. He know market value of name. He get 50 percent every time His name used. On basis of this story alone He stand to make thousands; why, Chuckles candy give Him hundred grand just to put their silly-ass decal on His helmet. This not a rich magazine and since He get 50 percent of every mention, cost mounting rapidly. Let me try ruse: He have hard time in court proving "EK" meant Him.

". . . Dying is a part of living and while I'm alive, I'm going to live it to the hilt . . . the canyon itself is a little over a half-mile wide . . . blah, blah. . . ." (Canyon actually quarter-mile at launch site.)

At very moment, as I watch video EK, real thing is aloft, somewhere between Twin and Butte, 40 minutes apart by leased Lear Jet. Goes like this all week. EK in maniacal disarray. Not content to stay one place or other. Pilot of Official Lear Jet is Watcha McCollom, 51, Danville, Ill. Watcha and crew all wear maroon crushed velvet tuxedo jackets, white frill shirts, black tie, patent leather pumps. Is Official EK Jet Uniform. Watcha say cost $300 apiece; I say they leased. I say the $6 million EK was fronted is leased,

too. Watcha says EK stands on head during flight, while Watcha makes sharp banks so EK can get practice pulling Gs. Maybe he pulls 2.5 Gs this way. No one knows. EK also doing pushups and situps. Wild Turkey rounds out His Training Table. EK rubbing off on Watcha. When Watcha touches tarmac he does wheelies all way down runway, using spoilers and half-power.

Meanwhile, back at the "documentary," Bergman has collared fan. Fan says, "One thing about this Guy, you got to give Him credit because He's got guts that won't quit." (Pardon me, but who will pardon Bergman and ABC . . . Knixon? Sigma Delta Chi?)

Bergman has Truax (Robert C., 52, rocket pioneer, Annapolis grad, captain U.S. Navy, ret., Polaris program, Apollo mission, first Thor rocket project officer, now designs steam rockets for drag racers, designer of Skycycle X2, Official EK Engineer). Truax says, "From zero to 300 mph in four seconds . . . 108-foot-long ramp at 56 degree incline . . . 5,000 pounds of thrust . . . if you were gonna give me $6 million to do it, I'd say nothing doing."

Good night, Jules.

Friday morning, blue and clear, with just a hint of wickedness in the air to spook the Spuds. Spy Twombly in front of Blue Lakes. He has collared townie. "Those folks aren't wanted here," the Potato tells Twombly. "The County Fair is on and that's what all the real people in town are interested in." Twin residents are keeping fingers crossed, praying to be delivered from Evel.

On the fourth of July, 1973, there was no Blue Lakes Inn.

George Kerr, 22, a wiry five-foot buzz saw from Newton, Mass., knows. He was there. He flew out for the jump, unaccountably missing word of the postponement. Two guys from Columbus, O, and a sailor from Newport, R.I., also showed, George remembers.

George Kerr is the True Believer. When he began believing six years ago, there were no EK posters. "I had to take a little picture from a magazine and have it blown into one for $5." Today, George's bedroom walls back home are covered with EK posters and souvenirs. He has seen the George Hamilton movie five times.

George Kerr was disappointed and out $500 a year ago, and one day he and the guys from Columbus went to Quall's pasture to take snapshots. George had himself photographed while pissing off the launch ramp (then a launch mound, actually). "It was more or less my expression for Him not showing, my vain expression. I was pissed. It was just everything at once. The picture I would like most to have now is us shaking hands and both holding the cane" (Official $22,000 Ebony Cane). When this year's jump was confirmed, George called the Holiday Inn immediately and reserved two rooms.

During his year's wait, he considered and rejected several potential vantage points from which to watch the trajectory, so familiar was he with the terrain. During the year's wait, George also made his debut.

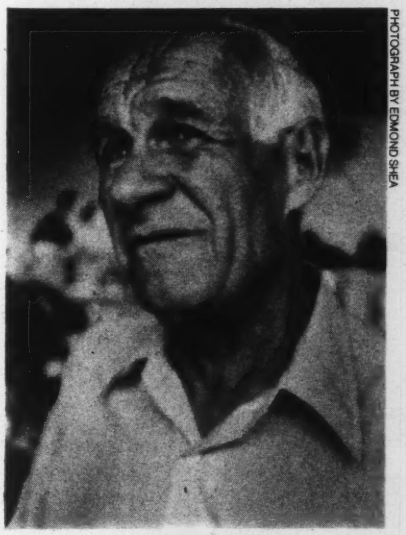
"Boom Boom" Koske, the human bomb, blows himself up in a 2 by 6 coffin, says he's Polish, from Tampa

"My first professional stunt was jumping one kid at Newton Upper Falls Lower Playground. I could have cleared 20 people. . . ."

George has a $25 ticket but will not use it. It has EK's autograph.

"Having had a year to think, I think the best place to see it is to sneak over early Sunday to the north rim. . . ."

North rim? Man, are you bonkers! They'll shoot you. Sure as shooting. One guy said to me yesterday, "You're not going in that road because this .38 says you're not." They're hiring all the Security they can get because they know the scene is going to be trashed. It's ugly out there already. They're giving $2.50 an hour . . .



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDMOND SHEA

Bob, father of Evel (Robert Craig). He recalls Evel's kid "trike" Tricks.

hiring Outlaws, Migrant Workers, Rent-a-Spuds, anybody. They're all packing pieces and knives and tire irons. It's not the New York Jews you gotta worry about, it's the Montana Cowboys (Butte is Official Hometown of EK, and if you didn't know that, get out! Get out of the story!).

"They wouldn't shootja," George disbelieved.

Hell, they wouldn't.

"And if they do, big deal. As I'm falling down, I'll see Him make the canyon and that'll be it. To me, it's everything.

"As soon as I see Him jump the canyon, God forbid—and I'm just saying this now—He (God, in this case) could take me and I would feel I've seen it all. I've seen a lot of things in my life. I've seen the Rolling Stones, all these big things that to other people are nothing . . . to me they're something, right? And, uh, I'll be happy to leave (this earth) tomorrow."

Parking lots of Blue Lakes Inn and Holiday Inn overflowing, geeks and daredevils of North America truly in convention assembling—probably first time ever. Hear they had a great memorial bonfire last night at Shoshone Falls, where a couple thousand Outlaws and Motorhippies encamped, for Vertebrae Rauckhorst, latter-day Cherokee Harry. Have my first brush with Gil Eagles, the cycling psychic. Wish him good luck. He says thanks. Sign on pickup truck in parking lot says, "Fearless Fariss, Nevada." Also meet for first time Benny "Boom Boom" Koske, the human bomb. Benny, 34, says he's been at it seven years. Blows himself up in 2 x 6 coffin, takes 15 minutes to police the area after detonation. Says he does it all himself, has a safety net and full insurance coverage. I check him out. Boom Boom appears to be in one piece. Says he's Polish, from Tampa. Also says he's negotiating with Shelly Saltman (vice president, Invest West Sports, Bob Arum's partner in the event) to get on show. Wish him good luck. He says thanks. Bump into Shelly Saltman. Hey, Shelly, I say, put the Boom Boom on the card. No dice, says Shelly. He might shake the launch site. Kitchen staff at Blue Lakes Inn walks out on Chef Guanche again. (He also official concessionaire at site.)

Went out to site, 48 hours to countdown. Chief Red Cloud, an EK sidekick and corn-on-the-cob concessionaire, admits that "even though the canyon is an underdog in the betting, it's a sentimental favorite." At that moment, EK being swung out over launch ramp by Official EK Freedom Crane. He soon in the Skycycle cockpit, there to sit alone for an hour, staring up the 56-degree incline at Old Glory, flying proudly in the Official Fifteen-Knot Wind.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Could He hear the Evelpersons below? We could, being separated from them only by a six-foot-high, 11-gauge chain-link fence. "Evel," they chanted, "Ev-el, Ev-el, Ev-el, Ev-el." They loathed us, those Evelpersons in their Evelmania. "Press whores . . . Pig Fuckers." Because we were inside the compound, close to their Mutant Jesus . . . and they weren't. The fence would not hold, we knew.

Wells Twombly transfixed by sight of EK up there in rocket and begins to see structural steel launch ramp as Cross of Calvary. "Golgotha," he keeps saying.

"Spill the wine, Evel," Evelpersons demand. To venture out among these boozed-up, Seconaled-down Evelpunks foolish at best. Yet, some did. One found a middle-aged woman from Kuntz, Texas, Mrs. Joy Roberts, who closed the furniture store she and her husband operate so they could be here. "We didn't come pinpointed to see Him go from one side to another. We came to associate with the type of people He attracts." Cheap thrills.

The world's biggest Fat Man shoves against the chain link. On his shoulders is the Quaalude Queen, blond and naked to the waist, with the most vacant saucer-shaped blue eyes ever witnessed. Horrible! Her teeny-bop tits bruised and scratched from Lumpen hands that rise from all around to squeeze. "I want Evel," she monodrones. "I love Him. The tribes have assembled." Repeating this line over and over. Her Fat Man scaffold shouting, "We're going cra-zy. We're from Colorado. Ev-el. Ev-el. We're going crazy." Next to them, on the shoulders of another Goonchild, is perched a youth utterly clad in caked grime, proclaiming he is the State Pig of Montana. "Ev-el, Ev-el, the tribes have assembled. I am the State Pig of Montana. Come to us." (Filthy pigs! Get out of here! Out!)

Evel up there all the while, sitting in the cockpit, looking up at the end of the red-white-and-blue ramp at Our Flag, thinking about life and death . . . wondering if he will see Linda on Monday, or the kids: Kelly, 13; Robbie, 11 (already billing himself as Evel Knievel Jr.); Tracy, 9.

"Ev-el, Ev-el, Ev-el. The tribes have assembled. Spill the wine."

Roger Bennett, Salt Lake City UPI bureau, ventures outside the compound to interview the State Pig of Montana, the Quaalude Queen, the Fat Scaffold and their greasy ilk. Roger, my man, one thing you should learn: never point a microphone at the enemy during a terror situation. They trash Roger. Knock him down, smash his face, grind out a lighted cigarette on his forehead.

EK is down from the Skycycle, surveys His shantytown and says to His cowboy cronies so promoter Arum can hear: "Look at this. Sunday is the greatest day in My life, and it's being run by a bunch of goddamn New York Jews." Replies Arum: "If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a long-haired, loud-mouth cowboy." Quik Quiz: which of the two men was joking? (1) EK. (2) Arum. (3) Neither of the above. ("I'm a New York City kid," Arum told a reporter a few weeks ago. "My values are different from His. He's a cowboy. That generally is not a particularly happy marriage.")

EK retires to trailer, World's Longest Official Trailer. Shelly Saltman promises an Official Press Conference at Trailerside. The media horde jockeys for position. Cameramen shouting at Saltman. "Have him stand," demands Jim Watt, NBC cameraman.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDMOND SHEA

Billy Kidd (remember him?) and Pat Dasco.

Himself bursts out of trailer door. "Out!" He shouts. He turns to Saltman and orders him to "tell that man the next time he looks at Me to have a smile on his face." Then, expressing Himself directly to Watt: "I'm not an actor, Mr. Cameraman, do you understand that!" ("I am not a crook," Knixon said.)

"All right," assuaged Watt.

"I said to have a smile on your face!"

"I don't smile for anybody," Watt, manhood at stake, replies.

"All right, get him out! Get him out! Out! Go on, get out of here! Get out of here." EK takes Official Cane and whacks at Watt, smashing the camera and knocking him down. "I'll stick it in your ear, if you're not careful. . . ."

Saltman removes Watt from compound. Peace, of sorts, returns.

EK regains composure, sort of, and sits on steps of trailer. The press presses in tight. "You can see what it's doing to me," EK says, not particularly looking for sympathy. "And you'll do one thing. I don't ask for your respect. I demand it." (Gotcha, EK.) There are "right-ons" and applause from shills in compound. (What the hell is ABC-TV doing in here? Oh, right: it's their equipment and their personnel who'll feed the closed-circus spectacular Sunday to 1,000 people in the Cow Palace in San Francisco and a quarter-full house at Madison Square Garden, etc.)

"Any questions?" says EK. "Okay. The cockpit is so tight, I can't get My hand over there to pull that safety belt thing so I can get out. That's the only problem We're having. . It's a monster. I think you all

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

The wagon train, circled up for the night, is peaceful—for the moment.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDMOND SHEA

know now by looking at Me. I wish I didn't have to do this and that I wasn't here. But I'm going to. . . . I'm not worried about anything. I'm just upset. . . . Nobody can tell Me what to do." Plants applaud. "Only God. Period. And that's it."

Someone asks about the countdown. EK says He just finished writing it out by hand that morning. Here is the Official EK Countdown:

"One, strap in with the chute. Two, put the helmet on. Three, turn the radio on. Four, T-minus four minutes to blastoff; get ready and pull the pin that holds the parachute. . . . Ten, fire the blastoff. . . . Twelve, happy landing. . . . Fourteen, return to takeoff site with wife and kids. . . . Seventeen, and seventeen is a lucky number; go home. And that's just what I'm gonna do!"

EK repairs to trailer again, but the Evelpersons want Him, really want Him, and the fence is gonna come down. "Spill the wine!" He comes out and walks along the fence, shaking hands three times with the Quaalude Queen. He wants to address the beery goths on the PA system. He knows the situation is out of hand, that he has set in motion a sequence of events that contains the potential to destroy even Him, their God. Walking across the pasture, He is engulfed. A bearded biker in a body cast is trapped in the swirl and almost trampled. Mysteriously, the mob parts and EK and the cripple are face-to-face. "My frame's bent, Evel," the man pleads. EK fixes him with a warm look, as if to command. . . . Stray-ten! But the man does not. The God is man. There is no miracle in the mud and dust of Quall's pasture. The man made of Godstuff asks for a pen. He signs the body cast.

"Please make sure that the fences don't go down . . . we don't want people falling into the canyon," He says over the PA. "I'm with you and I want you to be with me. I need all the help I can get." The Evelhorde applauds and throws a baby into the canyon.

Saturday morning, penultimate press conference: Top Rank serves up: Jim-the-Greek, who lays "3 to 1 He's crazy" (haw-haw, Jim); David Frost, whom nobody asks a question; and Terry Sousa of Rock of Ages tombstone company, who planted a 6.5-foot, 2,140-pound commemorative marker at the site, and said: "Unfortunately, some people think this isn't in the best of taste, but I think it is. There aren't too many people today who will try to fulfill their wildest dreams and here's a Man who's trying to live his wildest dreams. And dammit, you've got to give Him crédit." One line remains to be sandblasted on the tombstone: successfully attempted . . . or, attempted.

Later, after a glass of Port, Sousa confides in Portuguese that EK demanded the word "explorer" be included and in the largest letters . . . not merely "motorcyclist & daredevil."

EK smashes champagne against X2 at 3:30 p.m., 24 hours to blastoff. On ground, His second cousin, the Rev. Jeremiah Sullivan (Diocesan, teacher of midevil and ancient history, Carroll College, Helena, Mont.), is asked by N.Y. Newspaperman what his position in re Suicide Liberation Movement. "Why, I don't believe in it at all," he chuckles. "I don't think Evel has a death wish. Naturally, there's a risk. I think certain kinds of men do these things, like the men who go to the moon."

Security breaks down completely. Bikers packing knives. Migrant workers. Tremendous number of unescorted "mature" women in Blue Lakes and Holiday last night, reports N.Y. Newspaperman.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDMOND SHEA

Evel again triumphs over press: he whacked a cameraman and threw him out.

Need for last-minute press conference in re security problem. Don E. Branker, chief of security, Top Rank, admits negotiating into night with presidents of several Outlaw gangs who threaten to trash launch ramp. (They always do . . . and then they always come over to the other side, become cops.) Why all these shotguns? "To make fear," Branker says. Hah! What Branker really saying here is no one in charge. I swear I remember Branker from Altamont, but he say no.

Ultimate pre-flight press conference. EK trashes press: "I'd like to just direct a short thing to those . . . of the news media who are sick, like a small percentage of the rest of the world, or who have so drowned their brains in alcohol that they cannot come to grips with themselves and relay messages to the public, like they should be relayed." (Knixon's complaint) ". . . If I don't die . . . someday in some town I'll walk with them face-to-face and when they look into My eyes, all of a sudden they'll have a lump in *their* throat and a knot in *their* stomach, like I'm going to have when I look at that bastard called the Snake River Canyon tomorrow. And I'll guarantee ya, their parachutes will not open. I guarantee ya that." (Applause from shill infiltrators.)

"I've carried a monkey on My back for six years: that canyon out there. . . . No, I haven't seen Bobby Riggs yet. . . . When I look up into the sky and I see that red-white-and-blue flag flying in front of me, I'm gonna thank the Lord that I lived in this country, that I had a chance to do this. . . . If I die, I would rather go that way and have a chance to burst and . . . and be something, a breath of fresh air, than to be taken by some senseless, ignorant accident and become nothing but a piece of dust in the air. . . . Tommorrow is going to be the greatest day of My life."

Leave pressroom, bump into Boom Boom in lobby. He say Saltman won't let him on presentation. I say, I go to bat for you, Boomer. Call Saltman in his room, plead case. Saltman still say nothing doing, "he might shake the launch ramp." Tough luck, Boom. Decide to get away from Daredevils for a while, visit launch site. Bad mistake. Total trashing going on, can hear gunfire from Shoshone Falls encampment, learn later was Memorial Shootout for Vertebrae Rauchhorst. Two hundred chemical toilets aflame at launch site. Evelhorde loose, trash beer concession stands and beer warehouse trucks. Ten thousand cases beer stolen. Flee to safety of EK Museum inside press compound. Man grabs me by arm, says:

"Good afternoon. Welcome to the EK Museum. My name is D.J. Nettles. I'm

curator of this museum. The museum was established Sept. 6, 1974. It is dedicated to the exploits of the world's Most Famous Motorcyclist. On your left you can see the Harley-Davidson Skycycle Number One. . . . EK got a telegram the other day from the head of the Drug Administration that said, 'Good luck.' EK doesn't need drugs to do what He does. . . ."

Curator's eyes began to red-out. Must be pulling Gs. Run from museum, bump into Bobby Riggs, just arriving from Las Vegas on Harley-Davidson 175 cc put-put. Asks me where is $25,000 check. Man bonkers. Can't you see, I say, all Hell's Angels breaking loose! Run for life! Visiting Goths! Bump into psychiatrist. He say: "EK's crazy. He comes straight out of the cultural tradition of machismo." Who asked? Rescued by Watcha McCollom. He take me in Hughes copter to Holiday Inn copter pad. Jump out and run for Blue Lakes Inn. Word comes back firefighters being threatened at launch site. Bump into Billy Kidd, one crazy Daredevil. (First man to ski north wall of Mt. Washington, N.H. Crazy sonofabitch because he on U.S. Olympic Team but goes out anyway and skis places nobody ski before. Result: broken legs, no make Olympic trip. Is okay, he says.) Swap Training Table with him. He have very impressive Training Table, too. Introduce Billy Kidd to Boom Boom Koske, human bomb. Gil Eagles walk by. Wish him good luck. Billy Kidd want to spend night at launch site, dig the scene. You crazy? I ask. He smile. Notice his T-shirt say "live fast, die young."

Go to pool-side press party at Blue Lakes. Bobby Riggs asks me again if I got his $25,000 check. Have long talk with Boom Boom about growing up Polish in Tampa. Make mental note to ask psychiatrist if this explains why Boom Boom blows himself up. Gil Eagles entertains party. Puts silver dollars over eyes, then leather band, finally tape. Is psychic. Asks for objects to be put on table, identifies same. Uncanny. One object a wristwatch. Gil Eagles asks anyone to rewind stem of watch, bollix the time. Someone does. Gil Eagles say, "The time on the watch is 4:22." Sho' 'nuff, is true. English reporter turns and says, "Do you know, the other day at the press conference, the watch also said 4:22? Do you remember?"

Sunday morning, the greatest day in the life of EK.

Learn that Blue Lakes Inn bar trashed last night, all whiskey stolen by bikers. Pick up Sunday papers. Astrologer Johnny Lister predicts death for EK. Read Wm. Barry Furlong's syndicated *Wash-Post* column. Must disagree. He say, "If this event shows anything, it is that brutality is big business and that suicide attempts can be marketed in a big way." I still say is Conceptual Art. This is the Big Top. Even if only one person showed, would still be successful art piece. Must reorient Arum's thinking. His feathers ruffled because he know he taking bath. Must congratulate him as patron of the arts. Whether EK live or die, no one give a shit (outside of family, friends). Is not important. The piece is what counts. Furlong column also says promoters figure they have "a real genuine fake going here" in Gil Eagles. But haven't figured out fake yet and so are concerned that Eagles go right over edge.

Proceed to launch site. Good Christ! Quaalude Queen is seated in VIP grandstand, wearing top this time. Ask her how come? She just stare at me as if I

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDMOND SHEA

George Kerr, Evelmaniac, eats at the Colonel's, reflects on his Hero.

bonkers. State Pig of Montana also promoted to chief of security in compound. Hard to recognize him. He took bath. Fat Scaffold now security agent in charge of canyon rim. This turning out to be really good art piece. Bump into Olympic skier Suzy Chaffee. She say high-risk sports only known cure for heroin addiction. I remember Vertebrae Rauckhorst say his 200-foot plunge over Shoshone Falls was "beautiful natural rush," tell Suzy she may have something there.

Getting ugly at chain-link fence again. Chosen Ones MC Club of Denver placed in charge of fence. One turns to Deputy Sheriff and says, "Shoot them if they give you any trouble." PA announcer tells movie cameramen to proceed to bunker and turn in all movie cameras as per contractual agreement. Billy Kidd runs up and asks, "What about knives? Did they say anything about knives?"

Bobby Riggs is taping up Gil Eagles, putting silver dollars over his eyes. Man runs up and asks Gil Eagles something. Gil Eagles says, "I don't care. Just put something on there that'll burn." Now I realize the gaff: burning stakes are planted at canyon rim. All Gil Eagles got to do is keep away from flames. Good luck, faker! I yell. Things getting uglier at fence. Middle-aged man tries to ram gate with Cadillac (state of Washington plates). Bikers slash his tires. He stuck. Front of Caddy stuck inside compound. I run up to fence for look. Biker on other side of fence say to me, "You're in jail and we're gonna keep ya there, man." I retreat. Crowd getting uglier. Rev. Bob Harrington, chaplain of Bourbon Street, cons way onto program and prays over PA system, ". . . as He goes across a canyon may we look beyond that and see a God . . . for, as we all know, it's fun being saved." A Seconal convention going on at fence. "Let the people party!" they scream. PA announcer says, "Ladies and gentlemen, I just got word Evel will not jump if you don't quiet down." Fuck you, fuck you, they yell back. Shotguns are moved to fence, distributed to Chosen Ones MC, Denver, etc. A Montana cowboy, quart vodka bottle sticking out of rear pocket, moves along inside of fence kicking at fingers sticking through chain link.

Put-put-put-put. Gil Eagles is off! People inside compound rush to rim. But, terwillikers. EK chooses that very moment to make appearance inside compound. Press and VIPs forget Gil Eagles, chase EK. So do closed-circuit cameras. Gil Eagles labors at canyon rim in obscurity. Preempted. He gets five seconds on TV. As finale, he rides through flaming arch and crashes through paper banner that says, "Gil Eagles wishes EK good luck." Banner snags in front wheel. He falls landward, luckily, into the arms of Bobby Riggs. "You were fantastic, Gil," Bobby Riggs says, helping psychic cyclist to feet. Almost kills himself, not more than eight feet of ledge between lip and fence, saved by Bobby Riggs. . . and no one watching.

Chosen Ones road captain demands that deputy sheriff get Vodka Cowboy out of front line. Causing too much trouble. New voice on PA, Biker Security, says: "Let's get down from that fence, man." Fuck you, they yell back. "Yeah! Fuck you, too!" Hey, hey, cool it, someone says, barely audible over PA. "I didn't mean that over the speakers. . . ."

The Rev. Jeremiah Sullivan, EK's cousin, commences to pray. "Almighty God . . . it's difficulties and it's dangers, Robert Craig Knievel . . . his dangerous dream . . . and the courage to . . . today, His family and His friends, here and throughout the world. . . ." The crowd outside the fence breaks toward trashed Cadillac. A biker has pulled the panties off his topless Mama and deep throats her and she's going "mmmmmm" and he yanks her up and swamp-kisses her and says, "Evil . . . Baby . . . Evil" and the Evelmania spreads and Fr. Sullivan is mopping his florid, fleshy face and saying, ". . . humbly pray that You will watch over Him and guide Him to a safe and

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED KAPLAN/BLACK STAR

A bunch of Evel Buffs, in the buff, lollygag about the rocks. . . . Well, it was cleaner'n most of the scene.

successful landing, wherever that might be. For without you. . . ." A security Potato is bloody and bowed at fence.

EK is at ramp-side mike: ". . . Today is the proudest day of My life. For I'm living a dream. . . ." Yeah! they're screaming. We Love You, Evel! Voice of David Frost over closed-circuit TV: "Evel is saying goodbye to His family before returning to His ship. And now the ship is ready. Prepared. The National Anthem. We're just going to hear the National Anthem." Bump into Billy Kidd. He furiously ripping sealer paper off rolls of film and jamming film into camera. "Y'think they'll give me a ticket for littering?" David Frost says: "Happy landing, Evel . . . He'll be back." This place is gonna go, a reporter observes. Aloft, EK is being swung out in Freedom Crane to Skycycle. Astronaut Jim Lovell, Frost's TV sidekick, says: ". . . Evel's helmet is on . . . visor down . . . radio check . . . countdown continues." Vodka Cowboy really juiced now, flat on keester in dust. Wind gusting to Official 15 Knots. N.Y. Newspaperman demands immediate conference, leads me to chemical toilet, opens door, stench awful, toilet sitting in 90-degree sun all week, shoves Training Table up my nose. Egads! Bad mistake to have nose opened in there. They're firing it up! Can hear the steam whooshing through the boiler. 3:29 p.m. We're in speechless phase now. Aloft, Watcha McCollom hovers in Hughes copter, directly over rim. Medivac chopper also aloft. Suddenly quiet. No more hear hiss of steam. Even fence quiet. All eyes on ramp.

My God! There He goes! So concentrated on act, it startles us. Jesus Christ, fastest thing I ever saw! Like a rocket! Oh, oh! Drogue parachute deploys prematurely. Watch out! Watch out! It's coming back this way! The Son Of A Bitch is gonna trash the press in one final act of retribution!

The fence is down! Over here, quick! No, no! He's in the canyon! He's going in the canyon! He's gone down!

Jesus, He's dead. . . .

Not with a bang, but with a hiss and a whisper.

Linda Knievel rushes the rim, crying, "Where is it?" Relatives shout, "Oh, my God!"

Can't see a thing, run to press tent to watch closed-circuit monitor. Camera can't pick up Skycycle. Where is it? Jesus, He *is* dead.

Announcer feeding to Brazil: ". . . enginheiro Bob Truax . . . assalto do Rio Cobra. . . ." Here's the replay, they got it now. Skycycle shown hitting rocks at edge of Snake. Reporter on horn to London: ". . . and immediately indicated with arms aloft that He has again laughed at destiny. Knievel, the father of three, had called this jump His challenge to the monsters . . . the monster that has haunted Him. . . ." Here He comes with Watcha in the chopper! They're throwing beer cans at Watcha's copter! He's coming up to the ramp now! Applause, mixed with the first boos. He's walking. He's being assisted. He's waving to the crowd. EK to Truax: "What happened? When I saw the canyon, I pushed it. I can't understand what made it turn upside down."

"You know what happened," Suzy Chaffee says knowingly, "it was a big macho problem: premature ejaculation."

EK throws Official Cane to crowd. "Throw it back. . . . We don't want them fucking rhinestones, you pussy!"

David Frost is with Him. "How do you feel, Evel?"

EK: "I just don't know what I'm gonna do. I sat in that thing and gave it my best. I just don't know what to tell you."

Frost: "It's not your fault, Evel. These things happen."

EK: "I don't right know exactly what happened. It went sideways. It twisted and turned. It just about knocked Me out. I don't know right now exactly what happened. Mr. Truax told Me that the parachute can blow off on launch and why, we don't know. But he did tell Me a

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRACK/BLACK STAR

A grimy horde of Hells-Angel-type Evelurchins were entrusted to guard Him.

long time ago if it ever got upside down and I saw the canyon wall to blow the chute open and I thank him for that. They saved My life and I'm glad to be back in one piece. Believe Me. I don't know what to say except thank you."

Frost: "On behalf of us all, thank God You're back, Evel. Good afternoon and thank God."

Snake way back to Blue Lakes, hopping farmers' fences. Not safe at site any longer. Trashing total. Crowd moves battered Cadillac toward launch ramp, sets it afire. ABC-TV closed-circuit crew abandons site. Bump into Bob Arum hopping back fences. "The result was a draw," he says. Can see fire in distance when looking back at site. All remaining concession stands, all remaining chemical toilets aflame. Bump into EK entering Blue Lakes. He say, "The damn chute got stuck on the pad. It wasn't a Truax failure. It was a metal failure. It was a metal failure."

Either it was or it wasn't and know one will ever know. Only person could release that drogue chute. Chute was controlled by 40-pound spring-loaded lever in cockpit. EK was to keep it down by using right thigh and right hand. (Drogue chute was to slow Skycycle speed when apogee of 3,000 feet reached.) Is possible G forces blew his hand right off lever, for, as I say, actual blastoff was fastest thing I ever see. Also is possible, since EK never do this before, that blastoff simply too thrilling for Him and He let go the lever. If so, He macho enough never to admit it.

Bump into Chef Guanche in lobby. He weeping the blues. He say he lose everything, all life savings, in trashing of his concessions. He say he may be out $17,000, maybe only $7,000. Doesn't know yet. EK his partner at 50 percent. I tell chef not to worry, recall that it well-known that EK a man of His word, quote from the Book of EK: "All a man has is his word and I want them to say after I'm gone, 'He kept his word.'" Bump into Shelly Saltman. He telling N.Y. *imes* man:"I hope kids admire His image. But my own feelings about the private man is that He's a voracious user of people. I don't care if I ever see EK again." Shelly in good position to speak. He with EK during 56-city farewell America hype-building tour, probably know EK better than any outside Cowboy Element. Bump into Gov. Cecil D. Andrus (D-Idaho). Governor say EK won't be welcome ever again because of type of crowd he attracts. EK not care. He Learing way back to Butte. Money in suitcase. Watcha McCollom up front. Cowboys riding shotgun. Bump into Benny Boom Boom Koske, human bomb. He say, "They wouldn't let me on because they afraid I shake site." I say, well, they let Gil Eagles on. . . . Boom Boom say, "Yeah, and I do same act, too." What's that? "I drive a car blindfolded." I say, tell me how Boom or get a new manager. He say, "Well, just before you have them put silver dollars over your eyes, you squint eyes real tight, see, and when they put leather band and tape over, you open your eyes real big, see, and a pocket is created and silver dollars drop down." As for leather band and tape, it standard magician's see-through stuff. Benny, you a prize. Anybody out there want Boom Boom, write P.O. Box 593, Palm Bay, Fla., 32905. He presents exciting five-minute format act, as crowd-awakening opener or finale, at price suitable to your budget.

Pardon me, but who will pardon Bergman and ABC . . . Knixon? Sigma Delta Chi? Good night, Jules

Go to Western Union, send telegram to Gov. Andrus: "You and the fine citizens of your state are to be commended for presenting world-class Conceptual Art. Best yet. Keep up fine work you are doing. Best regards, Chef Koske."

At dusk, remaining security guards pulled from launch area, leaving angry crowd shouting, "Party." Burning and shooting continued through night.

George Kerr, Newton, Mass., True Believer, is in his Holiday Inn room. Disconsolate. He telling friends from Newton he sorry he talked them into coming out here just on his word. A man's word is all a man has. He mighty sorry. Pshaw, his friends console. Is okay, George. We loved it. It was an . . . an event! That's right, I say. Look at it that way. Was great piece of art.

We stare out window at flames a mile away lighting night sky. The King is dead. Long live all the Kings in the wings.

"I saw Him go up and I saw Him come down, put it that way," George grieves. "But it left something to be wondered. . . . I don't see why He chose that way. He jerked everybody today. But he worked in obscurity for years. working up to His big day, the Super Bowl or Motorcycling. . . ."

One of George's friends, Joe Bornstein, takes me by elbow and steers me to corner near door. "It's best," he whispered, "if you leave him alone now. . . . It's like losing a girlfriend." ●

MOVIES

Tender is the sadomasochistic night

By Frank Rich

Even when that most intense spell of passion has dissipated, even when lovers have gone their separate ways, leaving in their wake only the smashed wreckage of a once deeply shared intimacy—even then the dynamic of that relationship can live on. Forces that are paradoxically both elemental and intricate can outlive the human configuration that at one time contained them; under the right circumstances, and often by surprise or chance, they can even snap two people back together again. Love affairs, like snakes, can regenerate themselves: overnight the years of geographical and emotional distance, not to mention the intervening attractions, that have come between two lovers can be wiped from memory; bodies and hearts can recall impulses and responses that the mind had long since discarded or repressed. As Max (Dirk Bogarde), the title character of Liliana Cavani's new film, **The Night Porter,** explains: "It all seems lost. . . . Something unexpected happens. . . . Ghosts take shape in the mind. . . ."

The Night Porter is a movie about Max and Lucia (Charlotte Rampling), two people who learn just how powerful this pull of the past can be when, suddenly and irresistibly, they rekindle a liaison that both had left for dead over a decade before. The time is 1957 and the place is a grey and rainy Vienna, where Lucia, now the wife of a touring American orchestra conductor, turns up one day as a guest in the old-world hotel where her long-lost carnal partner, Max, is employed. Because of the special nature of the environment in which these two lovers had carried out their affair the first time around— Max had been prisoner Lucia's SS keeper in a Nazi concentration camp during the war—and because of the equally special tenor of their essentially sadomasochistic relationship (both in the camp and now, in its Vienna revival), I won't be too surprised if *The Night Porter* becomes the season's most talked-about freak show. This is a film that is going to shock those audiences who are still capable of being shocked by mere movies, titillate others, baffle some and, I'm sure, launch the kind of critical and social debates that almost engulfed this country in a tidal wave of tedium during the six months following the release of Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*. My only hope is that when the inevitable clamor subsides, *The Night Porter* will be seen clearly for what it is: a vividly realized, astonishingly well-acted and wholly unlikely testament to the awesome properties of love—a remembrance of kinky things past that is diminished only by the limitations imposed by the story's often narrow emotional scope and its somewhat derivative aura of showbiz camp.

Cavani has chosen a tried-and-true mode of cinematic storytelling to set forth both her plot and its larger implications. The movie's structure grows out of her rigorous crosscutting between present and past. Most of the time we watch the ongoing tale of those weeks in which the protagonists meticulously and self-destructively rebuild their old life together, but there are plenty of grim tableaus to fill in Max and Lucia's previous encounters, back in the days when he still wore his black uniform with pride and she manifested the closely cropped scalp and sunken face that are the historical emblems of the 6 million. At the outset of the film, the juxtaposition of the two vastly isolated interludes that comprise this quirky romance provides a study in contrasts: the filthy linoleum of a mass cell versus the brooding private dark of Max's latter-day flat; the frail stature of the young Lucia versus the bejeweled elegance of the girl grown up; the sealed world of the camps versus the free society of modern Vienna. But, as her movie progresses, Cavani makes the distance between then and now evaporate for us just as it does for her characters. Max's flat, with its heavy wooden furniture, ersatz-deco wallpaper and drawn curtains, becomes an otherworldly chamber, cut off from the civilization outside and subject to its own penetential rules. Like their ecstasy, Max and Lucia's concentration camp is reborn, and once more release can come

Bogarde and Rampling in Cavani's *The Night Porter*: an unlikely testament to love.

only through ghoulish and possibly terminal horror. As Max and Lucia's pursuers– police sent by her husband, ex-Nazis anxious to "file away" a potentially dangerous witness–attempt to smoke them out, the couple retreat further and further into their old costumes, their old silences, their old hollow facial masks and their old habits of lovemaking.

The sex which informs much of *The Night Porter* is of a variety that has not been seen so explicitly before in an aboveground film. The erotic frenzy that is Max and Lucia's particular joy involves broken glass, finger-biting, wound-kissing, slap-around violence, blood and the kind of screams that are indistinguishable from both manic laughter and the cries of orgasm. Due to the raunchiness of this activity and the lack of other visible or audible communication between the participants, comparisons of *The Night Porter* to *Last Tango* are probably inevitable, even as they are unwise. Bertolucci's picture is about two displaced souls who dare to experiment with lust on a calculated basis that exists well beyond the frontiers of traditional romantic love; Max and Lucia, however novel and sensational their sexual proclivities, are locked into an almost conventional (how odd the word seems in this context) drama of monogamous love, a drama that is even afforded the unity of a logical beginning, middle and end. More apt parallels can be drawn between *The Night Porter* and certain aspects of Bertolucci's earlier *Conformist* as well as Luchino Visconti's *The Damned* (which also starred Bogarde and Rampling), recent movies that stressed–casually in the former case, wholeheartedly in the latter–those perennially fascinating connections between fascism and unorthodox sexuality. The hitch with these comparisons is that they tend to point up *The Night Porter*'s several failings and obscure some of its formidable strengths.

Cavani's film never quite takes that leap into the big leagues of its art. For motives that are far from clear, the filmmaker has not been content to stick to her central and provocative story of Max and Lucia and has instead gummed it up by populating the creepy and ornate Hotel zur Oper, where Max works, with a bizarre array of sexual eccentrics, nearly all of whom appear to be ex-Nazis or Nazi sympathizers. In the course of Max's routine duties on any given night, we tend to stumble across a few more of these types (and visit with them at greater length) than is absolutely necessary. There's a pasty-faced, ex-SS comrade of Max's (Amedeo Amodio) who each evening does a ballet solo in his room while the night porter illuminates him with a follow spot. There's a young bellhop who serves as the hotel's house stud and pointedly prides himself on wearing Helena Rubenstein cologne "for men of distinction." And most of all there's an aging countess (Isa Miranda), outfitted with a pink stole and ruby lips, who is Max's occasional confidant; when her elegantly uniformed pal serves dinner in her smothering, photograph-laden salon, it's hard not to recall another butler named Max (Erich von Stroheim) performing similarly deferential services for another reclusive drag-queen-like shriek (Gloria Swanson) in Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard*. These people, and the sequences that feature them, resplendent as they are with intimations of

Dirk Bogarde, retreating into the night.

injected narcotics and blurred definitions of gender, are no match in spectacle for the operatic crescendos of transvestism, necrophilia, child molestation and gay storm-trooper orgy-making that so heightened the purple funk of the Visconti film. Nor do they have too much to do with *The Night Porter*'s development of theme, character and narrative, as did the hero's contacts with his junkie mother and a homosexual chauffeur in *The Conformist*. The excursions into the dusky suites of *The Night Porter*'s grand hotel ultimately do nothing more than create an all too familiarly hedonistic mood that dulls–and often threatens to trivialize–the impact of Max and Lucia's unquenchable desire for each other. At times Cavani comes so close to that line which separates "atmosphere" from parody that it's nerve-racking.

The flashbacks are far more effective, for they relate clearly to the origins of Max and Lucia's extraordinary infatuation; the director presents these squalid snapshots of this century's most extravagant nightmare with a freshness of vision that is too frequently missing in the Vienna scenes. When she takes us back to the past, Cavani is big on recurring images, and many of them are not only striking but are also subject to surprising twists that expand our complacent vision of a time and a place we tend to feel we know like the backs of our hands. The director will linger over a monochromatic portrait of some old, mangy and deathly-still inmates for some time before pulling the camera back to reveal that, even as these condemned human vegetables stare expressionlessly ahead, two men are fucking only a few feet in front of their vacant eyes. In another flashback, the same inmates stare in the same fixed pose as SS-officer Max enters to claim his Lucia for another round of fun and games; throughout, Cavani pulls off worthwhile tricks that shift and redefine our literal and figurative points of view. Still, she can't resist including one flashback set piece that is apparently obligatory in movies that deal with the florid side of the Third Reich–a scene in which Lucia delivers a song bare-breasted for the amusement of some of her garishly masked SS captors. This little swatch of stagecraft would be more at home in one of those ubiquitous, Nazi-fixated pulp magazines than it is in *The Night Porter*.

Nor can Cavani resist providing a rather obscurely told subplot– the kind of subplot that has "subplot" written all over it. The director and her co-screenwriter, Italo Moscati, have envisioned an informal encounter group (if that's the word for it) of ex-SS pals, all of whom occupy respectable positions in postwar Austria–a group that meets periodically to hold mock trials that serve the dual purpose of psychologically absolving its members of guilt and providing an efficient clearinghouse for the destruction of any documentary or human evidence that might surface against the "defendants." Since Max's trial is at hand when Lucia turns up in Vienna, this therapy klatch becomes a terribly convenient mechanism for creating all sorts of plot tensions, most of which are relevant and most of which one wishes had been woven into the fabric of the film in a more discreet manner. Even this clumsy dramatic contrivance, however, does not allow the movie to cover all its narrative bets. There are periodic suspensions of credibility that cause dis-

comfort: instead of just breaking down the door of Max's flat and shooting the lovers, the picture's villains try to starve the couple out, thus allowing the concentration-camp metaphor to unfold languorously in all its ironic splendor.

The Night Porter's most significant hole, and the one that I expect will generate the hottest discussion, is not so easily tossed off, as it transcends matters of structure and dramaturgy and reaches to the heart of Cavani's conception of her principal characters. For, by devising a sadomasochistic relationship in which the woman is the victim and by focusing on that relationship with such lavish solemnity and feeling, the director seems to be asking us to extrapolate this couple beyond the specifics of their situation; she's almost demanding that we look to Max and Lucia for insights into male-female entanglements that are not founded on such purely sadomasochistic terms. Certainly some such observations are there to be had in *The Night Porter*, but by and large the movie is just too idiosyncratic to carry a great deal of ideological or psychological weight. And yet, without that weight, the film lacks the intellectual and emotional breadth of those movies that open up our awareness of the world and of ourselves. While Cavani has unquestionably succeeded at dramatizing the mysterious durability of that force which can bind two people together for a lifetime, she has also pushed the substance of that passion beyond the pale of even most sophisticated audiences' experience. One doesn't carry away all that much from *The Night Porter*; it's a story that can and does take care of itself, a film that has more the feel of a tightly controlled laboratory experiment than that of an exploration of human nature in the widest sense. Just the same, one can't blame Cavani for making the picture she wanted to make—and, indeed, one can only marvel at the two major performances she has elicited from her stars, performances that exist apart from and triumph over the relatively minor things the filmmaker has to say.

When Bogarde and Rampling are on screen, almost nothing else matters. They overwhelm what might otherwise be a parochial entertainment by infusing *The Night Porter* with a sense of humanity that subverts the arch theatricality that underlies the script and some of the direction. I simply can't say enough about Bogarde—his Max may be the best performance yet in a career that has often been brilliant and has never been less than distinguished. Whether he is gripping a wall behind his hotel desk in a moment of tension or cynically smiling at the never-say-die "Sieg Heils" of his closest friends or delivering a feverish and fabulously illogical monologue by which he explains to the countess how his love for Lucia is "a biblical story," Bogarde always conveys an indelible portrait of a tight and aging man who, having for all intents and purposes retired from the human race, must wake up one day to confront the past, the present and the future in one fell swoop. It's probably impossible to imagine how any actor could turn a sadistic Nazi into a sympathetic (but never sentimentalized) figure, but such is the caliber of Bogarde's achievement that he pulls it off. This Max who wishes to "live in peace, like a churchmouse," who works the night shift out of fear of the daylight, is, by turns, harsh, cowering, delirious, anguished, aching with passion and incurably depraved. But no matter what Max's plight in a given moment, Bogarde's flickering eyes burn like open sores, betraying that vulnerable intensity which comes from an awareness that one's psyche is disintegrating and there is nothing to be done about it. While Rampling has the less interesting part—once a victim, always a victim—she, too, is a magnetic presence, and she has never been so stunningly showcased as she is here. Although there's something to be said for her displays of catatonic bliss in the movie's flashback sections, Rampling is at top form in Vienna. Her descent from stylish woman of the world back down to her former state of degradation is entirely credible, and her half-smiling, half-shrieking verbal pangs as she suffers the body blows of her beloved Max have an urgency that is too precise to be confused with the mannered put-ons her role all but invites. Rampling's Lucia is, without doubt, the real thing. Whatever the drawbacks of *The Night Porter* as an entity, if you don't go see what she and Bogarde are doing in it, the case can be made that you are genuinely out of your mind.

Some years ago, as a result of circumstances I can no longer recall, I found myself in a downtown Chicago movie palace at midnight staring down a movie that can hold its head high among the very worst films of the sound era. The picture was Richard Quine's screen adaptation of Arthur Kopit's play, *Oh, Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet. . .*, and, as far as I know, it was never really released, except as double-bill fodder for the flophouse theaters

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whose flickering neon marquees light up the Loops and 42nd Streets of this world. *Oh, Dad* is pretty much a blank in my memory these days, or at least was up until the point when I saw a new heist comedy called **11 Harrowhouse**—a picture which, much to my dismay, turns out to share with that forgotten clinker a deadly and desperate ploy I never expected to confront again in the rest of my moviegoing life.

The dimwitted device I refer to is one that might be called "the morning-after monologue"—that is, a voice-over narration which is added, apparently as an afterthought, to spice up a picture so lame that even its creators recognize that they've given birth to a dog. In *Oh, Dad*, this maneuver took the form of a Jonathan Winters comedy routine that was grafted onto a disheveled absurdist farce; in *11 Harrowhouse*, which has been directed by the sporadically stylish Aram Avakian (*Cops and Robbers*), leading man Charles Grodin yaks continuously in accompaniment to a so-what suspense story. Judging from this new film's screenplay credit, which bills the script to Jeffrey Bloom but goes on to add that Bloom's work has been "adapted by Charles Grodin," it's probably safe to assume that the star himself got it into his head that, by sitting down at a typewriter, he could somehow, even at the eleventh hour, save his ass. Regardless of who is responsible, however, there's no question that this tacked-on patter fails utterly as an erstwhile attempt to beguile us, to charm us and, of course, to distract us from what's happening on screen. If *11 Harrowhouse* is not as bad as *Oh, Dad*, God knows it's not from want of trying.

The movie's story, and I use the word loosely, involves the efforts of "a decent guy from Pittsburgh" (as Grodin's monologue would have it) to steal some diamonds with the aid of his lover (Candice Bergen, so gleeful she could choke) and an old, terminally ill employee of the British diamond house where the goodies rest in vaults. (James Mason is the old man, and even here he can do no wrong.) The name of the diamond house is colloquially known as The System, so there are plenty of ironic lines about how "nobody beats the system" and all that jazz. The heist itself is built around a security-cracking apparatus that I won't divulge, although even if I did you shouldn't feel too pissed off, given that Grodin-as-narrator himself insists on giving away plot developments in advance throughout the movie. ("At this point I optimistically thought that we had it made," he tells us right after the theft, just to make sure that we'll not leave before the chase scene which demonstrates the exact reverse of what he's "optimistically" assumed.) Besides plying us with these oral trailers of coming events, the hero is also prone to making witty little remarks meant to establish the impression that he is some sort of vaguely right-on guy. What with his jibes at corrupt capitalists and pomposity, as well as his claim to being one of life's "truly dedicated spectators," the character touches so many bases one can only believe that we are expected to accept him as the most ingratiating hybrid imaginable of Holden Caulfield, Ralph Nader and Walker Percy's Moviegoer. If *11 Harrowhouse* were not such a helpless and hapless shambles of a picture, one might even think that, on top of everything else, its makers have gone out of their way to insult our intelligence.

Phase IV is not a movie you should plan on seeing before or after a picnic lunch, if indeed you choose to see it at all. This slender sci-fi melodrama—which has been written by Mayo Simon and directed by Saul Bass, the graphic artist who designed the exquisite main titles for such Hitchcock movies as *Vertigo, Psycho* and *North by Northwest*—is all about ants who try to take over the world, or at least a good section of the Southwest American desert. The story postulates a crusty British biologist (Nigel Davenport) who with a younger and more carefree game-theorist assistant (Michael Murphy) sets up a metal dome from which they both hope to analyze a "biological imbalance." That imbalance shows up when ants start "doing things ants don't normally do," such as building anthills the size and shape of the monolith in *2001* and attacking any living organisms, fish or fowl or man, that intrude upon their privacy.

Needless to say, things go wrong, go wrong, go wrong, etc. The dome's generator explodes, escape helicopters don't arrive, radios go dead, ant poison fails to kill and the word "malfunction" lights up on the lab's computer screens. Of course there's the human element to be considered, too. The biologist proves to be a moody son of a bitch, ranting and raving in the best Ahab tradition about the need to show the ants that "man won't give in"; meanwhile his assistant, having planned on a peaceful "two weeks of science in the sun," would just like to get the hell out of the place, hopefully with Kendra (Lynne Frederick), a pretty young woman who has come to the dome for shelter, in tow. As it turns out, he and Kendra never consummate a relationship, although the movie seems to intimate that the heroine may, at one point, be the unwilling or maybe willing rape victim of the ants. Well, anyway. The acting is atrocious, the screenplay is old hat, the photography is decent, the continuity is often nonsensical and the super-ants are so gross that everyday cockroaches might seem just swell by comparison.

As we first embark on that peculiar cinematic adventure which goes by the name of **The Girl from Petrovka**, we find Hal Holbrook standing contemplatively in the snow, the flakes whirring about his head with a wistfulness that has not been seen in movie snow since the glory days of *Doctor Zhivago*. On occasions such as this one, when he is not impersonating Mark Twain, Holbrook tends to be a determinedly serious chap, and, as we watch him declaim his opening words while all the while standing ramrod stiff in a Moscow courtyard, one begins to wonder whether our leading man might not be carved out of wax or, at the very least, in dire need of a toilet. Happily, he turns out to be constipated instead.

Holbrook plays a Moscow correspondent for the Chicago *Herald* (you remember the Chicago *Herald*) who has decided to hang up his immaculate khaki-colored trench coat to go home and write a novel about the "girl from Petrovka." Our hero has spent a delicious year with this girl—a year that, though ending in heartbreak, "will be with [him] always." With any luck at all, *The Girl from Petrovka*—this film that purports to recount the events of that bittersweet year—should not be with you for more than 30 minutes after you have left the theater. This is the kind of film that must strain hard to compete with a moviehouse's dark for the audience's attention.

Almost every element of *The Girl from Petrovka* is a joke (except, unfortunately, its jokes)—and yet it must be said that some parts of the whole are less equal than others. Allan Scott and Chris Bryant, working from a book by journalist George Feifer, have written a screenplay that deigns to have the reporter tell us by way of autobiography that he "took a master's at Harvard and a mistress at Radcliffe" before settling down into the newspaper racket. (We're also told that he once wrote a prestigious book on the "trade union movement in the South"—a tome that I would guess to

have richer possibilities for film adaptation than his projected novel, if only by default.) For the hero's paramour, Messrs. Scott and Bryant have come up with a young Russian ballerina who has a penchant for racy talk and a fondness for pronouncing Western appliances (such as the bidet she encounters in Holbrook's flat) "supremely decadent." One assumes that the heroine has been conceived as the Soviet answer to Weimar Germany's Sally Bowles, but unlike the Sally we know and love, this ballerina's life is not so much a cabaret as a TV sitcom that has been canceled in midseason. Goldie Hawn, the very promising comic actress who plays the part, affects a crypto-Slavik accent that makes the character sound like no one so much as a long-lost Gabor sister.

The whole enterprise has been slapped together by Robert Ellis Miller (*The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*), a director who has expended a fair amount of time and energy to arrive at what I believe to be the exact visual equivalent of Muzak. As such, his pictorial approach is in keeping with the film's soundtrack, which, in addition to the screenwriters' lame stratagems, also contains a song called "Nyet, Nyet, Nyet." This little ditty has a refrain that goes something like "No more tears/no more tears/happy years," lyrics that get to the basics of Tin Pan Alley's timeless conception of Russian melancholy, and, while I can't speak for the Hollywood-fashioned commies who must pour forth these sentiments, my idea of a happy year is one in which I don't see too many movies that are quite as emotionally tacky as *The Girl from Petrovka.*

BOOKS

Both profit and pleasure

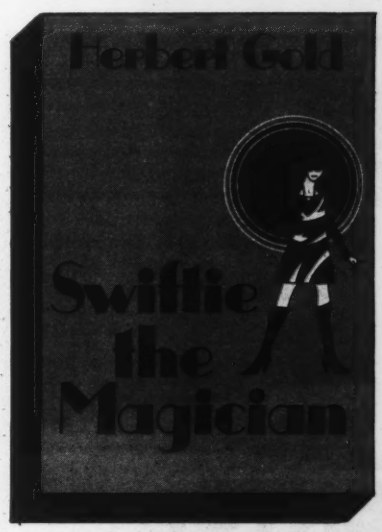
By Geoffrey Wolff

Swiftie the Magician *by Herbert Gold.* McGraw-Hill (168 pp., $6.95).

Herb Gold is my friend, and in addition to the customary fraternal due bills, I am in his debt for many personal and professional kindnesses. I mention these matters because of persistent suspicions that critics spend their time and their space rubbing up chums or settling the hash of enemies. Such suspicions are exaggerated, and they are justified. So that utterly ethical book reviewing has become a game for those young enough to know no writers, or those old enough to know them all. The rest of us, middle-aged, are honest or we are not: we know writers we like, and wish them well; we know writers we do not like, and do not wish them well.

Most of us prefer books of strangers. (Some of us who are novelists as well as critics refuse to review fiction, and perhaps there is a conflict of interest between the writer and reviewer here. Fictioneers notoriously regard one another as rivals or, more rarely, comrades, one of *us* to be pressed upon many of *you*.)

Few people known to me are as alive to the pervasive and low art of literary politicking as Herb Gold is. This novel is his thirteenth book. He served a long stretch in New York before he settled in San Francisco; he has met a lot of people, made some enemies, been shivved and buttered up, patronized and avenged. If you think you're suspicious about the motives of book reviewers, talk to Herb some day. (Once upon a time he got beaten up in a weekly magazine by a young punk who later showed up at a party given for Herb, looking for ladies and free lunch, where he explained that he hadn't really meant his hard words, he'd just been trying to make a rep, no hard feelings, okay? He escaped with his hide, no bygones, no free lunch, no lady.)



So: Here's a novel by my friend, and it's good, hand on my heart, I hope to die. If it weren't good, I don't know what I'd do. I'd probably write Herb a note—*You've done it again!*—or slip away into silence. But I wouldn't perjure myself on its behalf. People who lie publicly about books always get caught sooner or later. They don't have as much fun as people who don't lie, and I'm not that true a pal to Herb, or to anyone. On the other hand, good novels are not in such long supply that they can be ignored: I like, in these pages, to write about books that have brought me profit or pleasure, and this has brought me both.

It's told by Frank, a television writer and director and producer, a Jew whose father changed his name to Curtis. It's set in New York and Los Angeles, *ellay* in the vernacular of its people—who are in the entertainment racket and on the edge of celebrity—and its time, the Camelot and post-Camelot '60s. It's about Frank's ambition to make a movie, *Imperial Days*, about his era and his place in it. And it's about his three lovers: Kathy (who kills herself in New York, dead from too much giving and too little taking) and Karen (a mini-swinging self-indulger who likes to pop Mars Bars and play dirty) and Swiftie (dressmaker to Jackie O when she was Jackie K, world champion me-firster).

Everyone except Kathy, who is the least fully sketched of these characters, is on the take. So unappetizing are they in their generality that their author had no other formal choice than to choose one of them to tell the story. Only a participant can make judgments on such people and pastimes as these; a spectator would surrender to priggishness or contempt. Problem is, Frank can see the others with wit and clarity; of himself he chooses too often to sing soapy ballads, cranking up the volume of his dilemma. His dilemma—as whose is not?—is whether or not he will grow into what he chooses to regard as his higher destiny.

His movie, *Imperial Days*, is a

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prod and a reproach; like most big projects, serious works put aside for just the right moment, after the dough's been harvested and a good life secured, it will never be made. But Frank is interesting because he doesn't often cheat. He goes once to a Doctor Feelgood in New York—maybe a blast of vitamins is needed to get the big show underway:

"After three days sunk in fatigue, I remembered reading *Faust* in the forty-nine-cent edition, with woodblock illustrations, when I had wanted as a boy to do magic and be a king. But the risk was deadly. I had better be only me, not anyone else, and have my own pleasures—which were demanding enough—and not those of gods and devils."

Swiftie is like an androgynous twin sister to Frank, and their metaphorical incest blows hot and cold, east from him in Los Angeles, west from her in New York. She seems to perform illusions, transformations, but it is her magic, like his, like their time's, that is illusory: they translate the gold of their talent into base metal, and learn too late the absurdity of the stunt. If they die or drift away, the reader laughs. Depending on the quality of the laughter, the fiction is by turns exhausting and refreshing.

At his best, Herb is a menace to the order of things—subversive, quick as mercury, too honest by half. As when Frank weeps at Kathy's funeral: "My first thought at the burning was: *I should be tested for glaucoma*." As in the voice of a studio boss: "Listen, I'm Kubrick's generation. Stanley and I grew up together. He makes in England with exploitation *plus* message; I do one thing at a time." As in a long, extraordinary scene in a restaurant, squalid motives on the loose all over the place, between Frank, an agent, a rock singer ("Number Twelve Song, with a Bullet") eager to break into movies or television or whatever will advance him, and a few others, all trying to use one another, all failing.

At his worst, his prose flies too fast from exhausted usages and exhausts with its strained novelty, its jumps and ellipses. But it always finds its way back home, in some perfectly realized detail or other, showing up the false promises of perfect love, perfect anything. One character comes close to reaching love. He cares so much about Karen he'll call her from New York, "he won't even wait to use the company phone." But Karen doesn't love him back. Not very much, anyway. Which, because of the deadshot accuracy of Herb's sentiments—in contrast to Frank's—is funny, goofy, right on the money.

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FINAL TRIBUTE

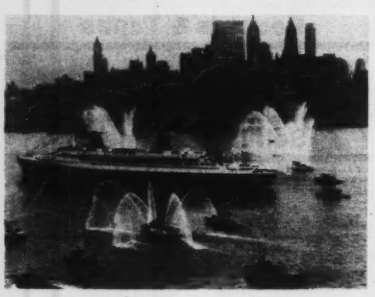
By Mark Goodman

They lay in clean, majestic rows of ivory along the piers of the world's great harbors, their smokestacks proudly etched against the sky. The last emblems of Edwardian elegance, they were readied by floodlit night and fragile dawn to accept the gilded gallimaufry of passengers who would cross the fierce Atlantic on their rolling teak decks. Stewards in starched jackets whisked importantly through narrow passageways, bearing magnums of Dom Perignon, terraces of hothouse flowers, cellophane-wrapped baskets of fruits as lovely and expensive as they were useless. From the pages of Fitzgerald and Marquand and O'Hara came the passengers, the Anson Hunters and George Appleys and Grace Caldwell Tates of this world. Their cabins frothed with champagne and gossip and laughter and moist kisses until the final whistle and the stewards' polite but insistent call, "All ashore, please."

Then the huge liners steamed out of New York and Southampton and Cherbourg under names as deeply engraved in history as those of the passengers who sipped bouillon and tea in their deck chairs: *Mauretania* and *Olympic*, complete with a gymnasium; *America*, with its upper-deck restaurant served by the Ritz-Carlton; *Titanic* and *Normandie*, both terribly chic, both bearing terrible fates; the opulent *Ile de France* and the stately regents, *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*. And finally, in a last gallant gesture of Gallic chauvinism, the *France*.

The construction of the *France* was rather the commercial equivalent of the Polish horse cavalry charging Hitler's panzers. Her keel was laid in 1957, one year before the first trans-Atlantic jet took off from New York City. In 1957 more Americans still traveled to Europe by sea than by air—1,032,000 v. 1,023,000. By 1961 steamship bookings had dropped to 785,000, while the airlines carried 2,165,250. Ship travel was in the main given over to island-hopping excursions. People were in a hurry; they had no time for leisured luxury.

Ah, but for those who did, what a lovely sail was in store! The *France* cost $75 million. She measured out as the longest ship in the world at 1,035 ft and could accommodate 2,000 passengers: 500 in first class, 1,500 in tourist. Among her charms: the best of French cuisine, two swimming pools, eight bars, two cabarets, a teenage center with jukeboxes, shooting gallery, dance floor, children's dining rooms and nurseries,



closed-circuit color television, a hospital with operating and delivery rooms, the world's largest seagoing air-conditioning system, 1,300 telephones, a thalassotherapy room for salt-water massages, separate kennels for first-class and tourist canines and two padded cells for people.

Air France may make it easier to get there, but the *France* will be hard to leave. Yet leave her we must. Paris has at last called it quits on its expensive subsidization of Charles de Gaulle's dream of a French luxury liner to rule the commercial seas. There is a certain irony in the fact that the protest against the decision to shut down the liner comes from the Communist-controlled French Maritime Union. The reason, of course, is loss of jobs—1,600 of them. Earlier this month, 12 years after her jubilant maiden cruise, the *France* was seized by her crew outside her home port of Le Havre. As 1,266 passengers were evacuated, many of them weeping over remembrances of ocean-goings past, union and government squared off in a confrontation that threatened to erupt into violence.

L'affaire France has developed into a tawdry climax to a fabulous era. Long after the *France* makes her final voyage, those who have sailed on her or any of the other great liners will remember the rich tones and textures, the magical sights and sounds, of life at sea. Even the perils and discomfitures of ocean travel were more innocent and glamorous than their airborne counterparts. The ocean liner was ripe for deliciously wicked jewel thefts in the diamond-studded dark; the jet falls prey to the deranged hijacker. Airline baggage snafus are a dreary nuisance. How can they compare with the woman who, in 1948, demanded that the French line return a trunk she claimed she had left on an Italian pier 34 years before? It was always a simple matter to find a lonely spot on the rail to relieve *mal de mer*; no one has ever heaved discreetly into an air-sickness bag.

No, G-rated movies and Styrofoam steaks and ice-cold utensils and stewardess-baiting will never replace deck tennis and the captain's table and vintage wines and fragrant whispered encounters on a stormy night. E.B. White once said it nicely: "I heard the Queen Mary blow one midnight and the sound carried with it the whole history of departure, longing and loss." Will we not, too, experience a sense of longing and loss, sweet, languorous sadness at the final passage of these rococo carriers of romance? ●

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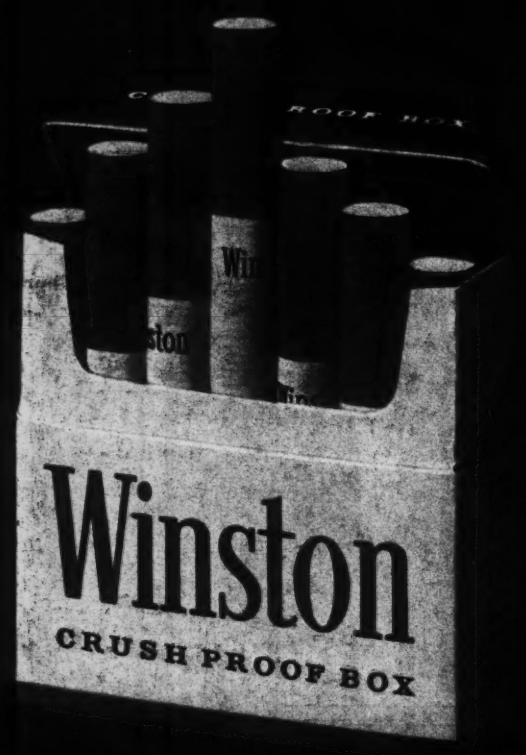

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